

The Listener

and
B.B.C. Television Review

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THURSDAY, MARCH 10, 1960

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Lent by the Duke of Portland

A detail from 'Charles II when Prince of Wales', by Sir Anthony Van Dyck (1599-1641): on view in an exhibition of paintings and drawings by Van Dyck at Nottingham, which is reviewed by David Piper on page 462

Germany's Collective Shame
By Alexander Mitscherlich

Symbol and Image
By Sir Russell Brain

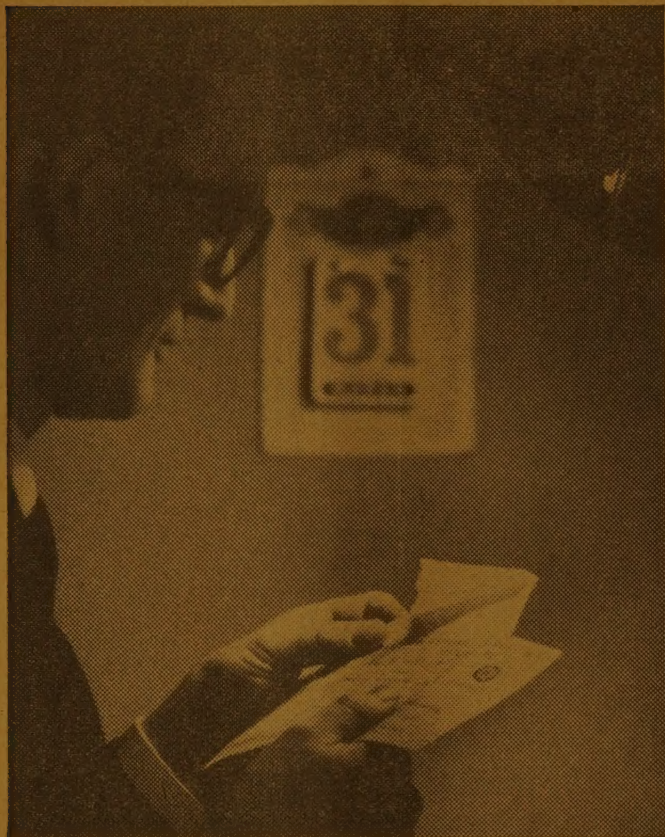
Mrs. Pandit on India Today
A discussion with Michael Edwardes

Henry Moore on Sculpture
An interview with John Freeman

The Art of Conducting
By Sir Adrian Boult

Candlelight Evening
A short story by Heinz Huber

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The Listener

Vol. LXIII. No. 1615

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Germany's Problem of Collective Shame

By ALEXANDER MITSCHERLICH

HOWEVER civilized it may pretend to be, anti-semitism is an archaic form of social behaviour. Whatever may cause it in a single instance, it is always based on magical thinking: it is the driving into the wilderness of the goat, as victim of atonement. Anti-semitism is based on malice, vengeance, and the desire for torture. It is one of the most obvious signs of inhumanity in history. Whatever may have happened earlier in other countries, since the terror of the nazi régime 6,000,000 murdered Jews come between the present generations in Germany and their own past history, and the barbaric crimes of past history in general. None of the usual historical excuses applies here. These were not bloody revolutionary sacrifices, nor outbreaks of religious mania: this was unadulterated madness.

A highly civilized and gifted nation invented a repulsive ideology which prepared and rendered possible the killing of 6,000,000 people. The fact that the killing of a human being could be repeated 6,000,000 times because this human being embodied a maniacal image of hatred becomes even more incredible if one thinks not of an abstract and gigantic number, but of the individual case. And it is necessary to do this if one wants to understand the future course of history. The annihilation of millions presupposed not only the notion of their worthlessness, and the existence of an organization to carry it out, but a great number of people to commit these murders. It moreover required a nation-wide toleration, much more extensive than is generally admitted. When the nazis murdered about 200,000 inmates of psychiatric hospitals, this was eventually stopped by the protest of the relatives and, above all, by the churches. Hitler, who had personally issued the order, withdrew it. No one in Germany stood up in a similar manner for the Jews, no one showed any active compassion. Why?

This question, like all questions of madness in general, is not easy to answer. All attempts at an explanation that I know of at best account for only some of the motives. Even added together they do not explain the full measure of hatred, brutality, absence of conscience, and paroxysms of unfettered killing in a state of persecution mania. The interconnexion between prejudices is as yet unexplained, and their link with barbaric elements in human nature are what alarms the German people and the world once more. It is this unknown factor that forces one to assess the signs of anti-semitism in Germany differently from those elsewhere.

Last summer, during a trip to Copenhagen, I listened to a conversation between a Swede and a young German. The Swede said how sorry he was that Hitler had not exterminated all Jews. My compatriot stiffened. I realized suddenly that he was talking to a pervert. I knew that what the man said was due to his own personal pathological condition. Not for a moment did I see the slightest danger of Sweden dealing with its Jews according to his proposal. I reassured the young German; but we both knew that, had some German school-teacher uttered a similar view after a drink or two—as had recently been the case—it would not be equally harmless: *vestigia terrent*.

I have recently observed the reaction of a highly civilized, German upper-class family to the marriage of their son to a girl of half Jewish origin, of the same milieu. The united cry 'Impossible!' could of course have been heard in any other place where that kind of family has held its own for centuries. The family in question was never National Socialist, and, like a very large number of Germans in the Federal Republic, abhors the behaviour of hooligans. Their anti-semitism, based on class consciousness, constitutes no more danger here than anywhere else in the world.

I have asked several students whether, if a march of protest

were to be organized in our city, they would take part in it, as did the students in Berlin. They said they would. The reply to my next question: 'Would the whole class join?' was interesting: 'It would—if the teachers would support them'. And, one of the students continued, looking at me with hatred and bitterness: 'What do you expect? Our German teacher is always telling us of his wonderful time as a Storm Trooper, and what fine chaps they were. These are the people who teach us'.

I do not think that the present anti-semitic hooliganism is politically organized; not even by the so-called communists of Eastern Germany or their bosses. At this point one should note that, apart from a reasoned political attitude, much of the previous anti-semitism has been transmuted in the current German anti-communism. And this constitutes a possible danger. We should not forget that, unlike class anti-semitism, the political anti-semitism of the nazis, following the breakdown of the class structure in the nineteen-twenties, was the result of hooliganism. The young Hitler was a typical hooligan. How his group could gain the support of teachers, judges, industrialists, and university professors is a riddle of history which no economic, sociological, psychological, or pedagogic answer has so far explained.

More Trials of War Criminals

Could a similar situation repeat itself? No one knows. But I believe one should regard the newly emerged swastikas within the context of contrasting events taking place in Germany now. For roughly two years the trials of war criminals of all sorts have steadily increased. I will mention one, of a former Professor of Psychiatry at the University of Wurzburg, Werner Heyde, who lived for fifteen years under the pseudonym of Dr. Sawade, and had his practice at Flensburg. Heyde played a prominent part in the extermination of 200,000 mental patients. He would have been one of the chief defendants in the Nuremberg trial of members of the medical profession if he had been available. Is it not surprising that his incognita has been lifted now? Why now? Why could he not, like so many others accused of similar crimes, finish his life under an assumed name, as an honest doctor in a peaceful provincial town?

I will try to answer this question. What has happened in Germany since 1945? One might relate this astonishing recovery of the Federal Republic to a psychological concept, and speak of a gigantic effort of 'undoing'. Mountains of rubbish have been removed, have given way to a new and more prosperous Germany than any of us had known before. A symbolic figure for the denial that anything has happened since 1914 has been found in President Adenauer, who spent his formative years before the first world war. Whoever passes through Germany today can hardly imagine that fifteen or sixteen years ago gas-chambers were still smoking, columns of half-starved displaced persons dragged themselves from camp to camp; that German soldiers were hung on apple trees bordering the highways outside the cities, after a summary court martial; or that unspeakable misery pervaded ruined cities.

Germanic Efficiency

One should not envy the Germans their efficiency—a fate of peculiar aridity; nor should one ridicule them for it. Rather one should accept it as one does so much else in the world. But this efficiency, which could move mountains of rubble, was powerless to remove the mountain of accumulated guilt. So the guilt was unloaded in a psychic act of repression, of which Sigmund Freud has said that it is 'fundamentally an attempt at flight'; and even the tidying up of the external world, the attempt to improve on it until the last vestige of ruined sites has disappeared, have as their unconscious psychic motive an urge to remove all traces of a former order. That is where we stand today. Freud has explained how, once an impulse is cut off from the conscious ego by repression, it behaves archaically, exerting its pressure wherever it can find a gap in the defences erected against it. This would mean that the repressed returns unresolved. That is to say, the political part of Germany was never properly evaluated in 1945. And today the issue is whether we have learned from experience or not. The task of undoing has been fulfilled. What next?

In the end we in Germany—which is the classic country of revolutions that do not take place—have in 1945 participated only as observers in the collapse, the failure. But have we actually experienced and fully admitted to ourselves that this failure was the consequence of a megalomaniac interpretation of political and social reality? and that we were guilty? I doubt it. After 1945, at a most important moment when only a civil war could have produced a catharsis, the allies relieved the Germans of the task of getting the guilt out of their system. The Nuremberg trials and denazification trials were not due to German initiative. The intellectuals experienced a short period of self-laceration, and lived with millions of others in terrible misery, but in those days two eggs and a packet of cigarettes counted for more than the recollection of final victory or the extermination of the Jews, Poles, or Bolsheviks. But now, when—if one may be permitted thus to modify the myth—Sisyphus has succeeded for a moment in balancing his rock on the mountain top, at this moment of prosperity and no immediate danger from abroad, the repressed impulses are felt again: both in the form of guilt and in the urge to destroy. Now, fifteen years after the event, the 'murderers among us' can be recognized, and the forgotten slogans, the memories of good old 'brown' days, return like figures in a dream.

It is the peculiarity of the German restoration that it has, in a gigantic step forward, adapted itself to industrial mass civilization. The issue at stake is balance between retrogressive and progressive effort. The desire for a unified and organized Europe, which is so strong in Germany, must be understood in this sense, and for that reason its imperfect realization is regrettable. In my opinion, the wish for a united Europe betrays perhaps not so much—as is so often said—hidden tendencies to hegemony as an unconscious wish to rid our relations with our neighbours of hatred and aggressiveness; and to overcome the old unreasoning intolerance. In the present situation the German people are not helped by falling back on their cosy sentimental fantasies of being the chosen race. And, incidentally, the roots of the deep love-hate relationship of the Germans towards the Jews are their fantasies of their special mission—and that brings us straight back to Jewish theology. But that is another and an old story.

The Older Generation

I think one should treat the swastika hooligans as the product of their parents. What, therefore, is infinitely more important is to watch how the forty-year-old age group and the older people of today regard their own past under the Third Reich. Everything depends on whether these generations are capable of a reasoned admission that we ourselves have contributed in a greater or lesser degree to the murder of 6,000,000 Jews. Are these leading generations of present-day Germany prepared to tell the following generations the truth, or a prettified or heroically distorted legend?

Theodor Heuss said that there was no collective guilt: it was a question of remembering a collective shame. This is no easier to bear. Can we take it? That is the present issue in Germany. Shall we deal with this problem of collective shame in a sane or insane manner? One should put this question quite clearly. It would help one to discover whether the anti-semitic demonstrators are psychopaths, or exponents of a collective occurrence of whose meaning they themselves have no more than a faint inkling. One should not underestimate the fact that a large number of Germans react violently against the compulsion to repeat an old pattern. Will they discover the right means to withstand its pressure? Even without being unduly optimistic one may admit that the chances are even, though no doubt we move towards a critical period. This is inevitable, as inevitable as the resurgence of repressed impulses.

I would like finally to mention a fact which on the face of it has no connexion with anti-semitism, but which nevertheless I regard as a safe indication of future development. In 1945 the death penalty was abolished in Germany, as a natural consequence of all that went before. Apart from all controversy for or against, one has to admit that for the German nation the death penalty is a special problem. If the death penalty were to be reinstated in my country I think I could predict evil consequences. I mention this to show how things are interconnected; how, to anyone anxious to interpret them, they bear witness to one another.

—Third Programme

India: Independence and After

A discussion between Mrs. PANDIT and MICHAEL EDWARDES

Michael Edwardes: What did living in India under British rule really mean to you, Mrs. Pandit, or to an average educated Indian, before you became involved in the freedom movement?

Mrs. Pandit: My home was a kind of reflection of an English home of the period: the language we spoke, the food we ate, the way we lived was entirely British. I had an English nurse, a governess, and, later, English tutors. And the whole background was British, even though part of our home was Indian and traditionally Hindu.

Edwardes: This included, presumably, a good grounding in the English classics?

Mrs. Pandit: Indeed it did, from very earliest days.

Edwardes: And your brother was sent to England to school.

Mrs. Pandit: Yes. He went to Harrow and Cambridge, and then later to the Inner Temple.

Edwardes: What sort of relations did you have with British rulers of the time?

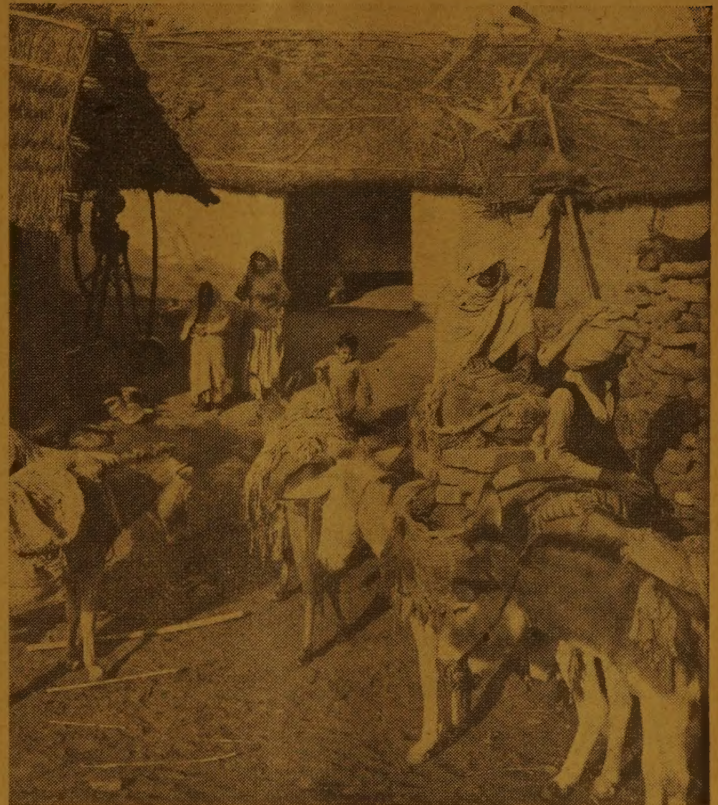
Mrs. Pandit: My father had close associations with British officialdom; and I remember we as children had the entrée to all English homes, an entrée denied to most Indians. This level of activity was confined to a certain group of people who lived according to the British pattern.

Edwardes: When you first joined the freedom movement these attitudes must have changed. Did this, for example, lead you to rebel against British influences, lock, stock and barrel, or did you develop a split personality, repudiating British influence in politics and yet still being influenced by the very English background that you had had in your early years?

Mrs. Pandit: The immediate reaction was to repudiate everything. But, I am glad to say, we did not repudiate all the best things, such as the influence that British literature had made on us, British liberal thinking, and so on; these remained. I talk now of a small group, not the vast masses that followed the national movement.

Edwardes: Nevertheless, it was a small group that influenced and led the movement?

Mrs. Pandit: That is so. In the beginning, as I say, there was this desire to rebel against everything, but later, I think, it



Rural India: villagers of Chainsa, near Delhi

J. Allan Cash

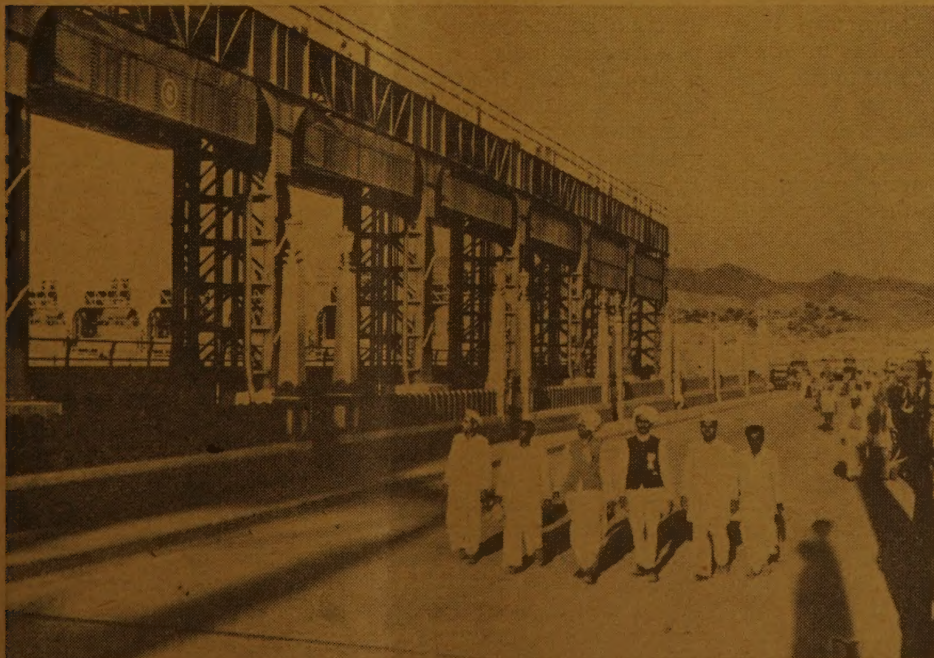
found an outlet in activities connected with the movement, like 'Buy Indian' and wearing the national garb which was handspun, handwoven 'khadi', and working for the national movement in the villages—things of that sort.

Edwardes: This retention of British ideas—liberal political ideas—which you had not seen practised in India gave to the freedom movement a certain Britishness. Gandhi even—who cannot be said to have had a British background, even though he had been over here studying law—took over these liberal ideas because the things that you actually fought for were such English things as representation, and all the other things that go with liberal democratic ideas, which were, of course, very un-Indian.

Mrs. Pandit: That might lead to a long discussion! But I accept the fact that they were Western concepts. We suddenly had the urge to get away from the Western pattern and identify ourselves with India—her history, culture, and so forth. I was one of those who suddenly began to read with much enthusiasm everything pertaining to the cultural and historical past.

Edwardes: Yet you still retained those Western liberal ideas and fought for them?

Mrs. Pandit: Yes, indeed. We tried to correlate them with the fact that something in our past was similar, and that it had been possible to move from the past into this British present, in which we found ourselves, without being disloyal to our heritage.



Farmers looking at the new, industrialized India: a group from the Indian National Farmers' Convention visiting the Bhakra-Nangal hydro-electric project in the Punjab during its construction

Edwardes: Have any of these changes, which started with the beginnings of the freedom movement, been made permanent by the act of independence; or has there been a return to a pre-independence normality which seems to be little different from the days of British rule? In what ways, briefly, is independent India different from British India?

Mrs. Pandit: That is a difficult question to answer. Of course, there are many differences; but it is not easy to define them. In the freedom movement there was a rejection of certain things. Many of these remained rejected. Now we are going through a kind of hybrid period, which is unfortunate, but I hope transitory. As you know yourself, there is a great revival—I will not call it a renaissance—of Indian cultural patterns. But I think it is going to be some time before this revival leads to a final pattern emerging.

Edwardes: I suppose some of the things that you did reject were luxuries, and that you gave them up for your homespun, but now these luxurious objects are coming back because they are internationally part of the high standard of living?

Mrs. Pandit: And also, in our case, because so many of them are now being manufactured in India.

Two Patterns of Government

Edwardes: You were mentioning a sort of hybridism between the two conflicting cultures. Even in present-day political structures in India you have conflicts, don't you? The government at the centre operates upon English patterns. We forget in the West that India is a federal state with state governments as well, which is an American pattern.

Mrs. Pandit: Yes.

Edwardes: And you have these two—one cannot call them alien—differing patterns, happening one at the centre, one in the states; and all these are imposed upon an Indian background, are they not?

Mrs. Pandit: That is true; and they are working out fairly well. But I am one of those who feel that certain modifications will be necessary in our constitution before we can really make it effective. There are too many foreign concepts lumped together for the ordinary man to understand and be able to function through.

Edwardes: One of the most obvious, continuing things from the British period is the Indian Civil Service. Today this seems to me, as an outsider, very much like the old one.

Mrs. Pandit: The Civil Service is the old one. There is no new Civil Service; the new service that has been started in India is the Foreign and Administrative Service, but the old steel frame still continues and functions in the same way. It is often said that because of our fine Civil Service, left to us by the British, we are in a better position than our neighbours, and that we have a continuity of government and so on. I suppose that is partly true. But what is not often remembered is that this group of people—no doubt dedicated and efficient—because of the tradition and the discipline with which they were brought up, and the approach to problems which is theirs, are less effective in interpreting the new pattern that the Government of India is trying to evolve. It is a foreign concept to them. They do their best, but it is a poor best.

Edwardes: One has to remember that the Indian Civil Service was not a Civil Service in a normal Western sense. It was in fact the Government of India, rather than the executive arm of that Government.

Mrs. Pandit: How right you are.

Edwardes: That is where the conflict is.

Mrs. Pandit: I would say that is one reason why our progress is not faster; because we have not, I think, roped in the public or inspired it with the sense of adventure which my brother, Pandit Nehru, talks about. The appeal has not gone home to them. They see the same mode of action going on, they see in many cases the same people in high positions; and although they are not dissatisfied—I am not implying that there has been anything to antagonize the people—yet they do not see enough of a difference to become enthusiastic and to involve themselves in the new experiment.

Edwardes: Is English education still continuing? I know that the medium of education, English, is crumbling.

Mrs. Pandit: I might almost have said there is neither English nor education at the moment in India; but that would be a hard thing to say because it wouldn't be absolutely true. But it is frightening how the English language is crumbling. Unless something is done, soon, to restore it to its former position, which was a good position, I think we shall be the poorer for it. I'm sure you remember the recent controversy on the English language which has been taking place in India and in parliament. Here is one example of rejecting everything that belonged to foreign rulers. In our enthusiasm we were ready to reject English, which was our only window on the world; but fortunately I think it has been accepted now. My brother made a statement recently that English would remain. The point is, however, that English must remain at a high level and not in the form it seems to be taking today.

Edwardes: Since independence there are certain obvious economic changes—five-year plans and what I think used to be called socialistic views of planning—but social reform is perhaps more interesting at this stage than economic. Have there been changes that have emerged out of English ideas, such as the climate of reform in the middle of the nineteenth century which legislated against burning widows, infanticide, and thuggee? Has that tradition, which rather died after the Mutiny of 1857, been kept on after independence?

Mrs. Pandit: I think the most remarkable social change has been the change in the status of women. For the first time, we now have a codified system of Hindu law which applies to everybody; monogamy; and divorce in India—which didn't exist. We now have succession—which was unheard of. The Hindu woman was just an appendage to her husband or her son or her father. Now she stands on her own rights. She inherits, she has the right of divorce. A man may not marry a second wife without divorcing the first, and there are certain obligations on him to support children, and so on. One interesting thing is that in the new law the woman pays alimony to the man in certain cases.

Mr. Nehru's Prime Ministership

Edwardes: The concept of these changes in the status of woman is very Western. Although there were things that the British refused to legislate against, at least they left the idea of doing so behind them. They have now been taken up. In what ways is further change to be looked for, or even to be worked for in the future? Thirteen years from independence is a very small period in the life-span of a country like India. Do you believe that historians will see Mr. Nehru's prime ministership as having laid the foundations of a new system, or will it be viewed merely as an interregnum between Empire and the emergence of some new post-Imperial India?

Mrs. Pandit: I don't agree with your last assumption. I think there is something new and something very basic on which a completely different structure will be built. We can't go backwards, of that I am sure; and I would say that my brother's greatest contribution will have been the secular state, if it succeeds. Because the concept of a secular state will be the foundation of some new system, a very worth-while system.

Edwardes: Is it wrong to say that Mr. Nehru is the last Viceroy, that in fact he is carrying on these traditions for this period? Do you think that in, say, twenty years time, a purely Indian type of politician and a particularly Indian type of politics will emerge?

Mrs. Pandit: When you talk about the last Viceroy, do you use that term in the sense that the present Prime Minister is very Western in his approach?

Edwardes: I mean that he represents predominantly the ideas of the former rulers and is continuing them.

Mrs. Pandit: Some of the ideas are being continued because we believe them to be right, and on them we base our future changes. We use them as a foundation for other things, bringing in our own patterns of thought and building on them. Some of them are there because it is not easy to reject everything very quickly. But talking about the new type of leader who will come forward after my brother, I would say that he will have to have his feet firmly planted on Indian soil, he will have to be probably

more Indian than our group is now, or my brother is now. But if he were wholly Indian, in the sense of being completely a product of Hinduism or Islam or Buddhism, he would be incapacitated from leading the country very far, because what we want is an Indian who is an international leader.

Edwardes: You have the foundation in the fact that you already have the tradition of a secular state. Whatever the politician is, he will still be representing an Indian type of politics rather than a Hindu or a Buddhist type of politics. So this gives us another point of contact with the West: we will not necessarily have to deal with the Hindu state, we will have to deal with the secular state.

Mrs. Pandit: Exactly.

India and Western-style Democracy

Edwardes: It will be of a particularly Indian complexion but, nevertheless, we still have that point of contact. Yet as this Indian type of politics emerges, will Western-style democracy be repudiated? Pakistan has done this. Or are there going to be other changes, such as the ones of Jayaprakash Narayan?

Mrs. Pandit: I sincerely hope that Western-style democracy will not be repudiated. I don't think it need be repudiated. There will be various patterns of democracy, and, as we function, probably certain Indian concepts will be brought in which will fit in with the Western pattern. That is possible; but I do hope that Western democracy as such, as a basis of government, will not be abandoned by us. I don't think it need be, because we are a democratically minded people, in spite of the various chequered historical records we have had from time to time. And I do not believe that Jayaprakash Narayan's concept is something which could be accepted wholly by the Indian people any more. It is a kind of pastoral ideal which does not fit into the economic age; similarly, I don't think that the Bhodan movement, useful as it is, is any substitute for economic planning but is, perhaps, complementary to the plans.

Edwardes: One interesting thing about one idea of Jayaprakash, that of decentralizing almost down to village councils again, is that it is not really Indian either. It has overtones of Europe in the pre-industrial period: it is Western as well as Indian.

Mrs. Pandit: It is Western but it is Indian too. But neither the West nor the East can, I think, go back to it with any benefit. And I cannot believe that the average Indian today, whose mind is geared to economic progress and who is now susceptible to the various trends and ideals that are coming to him from everywhere—from China, from Soviet Russia—would be content to take a back seat, and sit somewhere planning his little village government and his little isolated society in the huge sea of India, and not participate more actively according to a more modern concept which brings him closer not only in thought but in action to the other countries of the world. After all, we are now rather proud of our position in the United Nations; we want to be able to take part in contributing to solutions; in being, in other words, a member of the world community. And I hardly see us functioning that way if we go right back to the village again, in the manner I think your question implies. Of course the focus of development for a long time must be the Indian village—happy as that seems to be at the moment.

Edwardes: You would certainly lose any sense of international identity by decentralizing your government to such an extent. What about education? Surely British-style education, a liberal arts education that we started in India, no longer really serves anybody's purpose, except perhaps the Communists'? The supreme example is the state with the highest literacy in India—Kerala: it also has the highest unemployment.

Mrs. Pandit: When we talk about unemployment it is not, I think, exactly the right word. There is plenty of employment in India, but there is not plenty of employment of the type that the Indian wants; our training has been wrong, and too much importance has been attached to a B.A. degree—after that, what he wants is to sit on a stool at a desk and wield a pen. We haven't enough of those jobs. He thinks it derogatory for him to work with his hands, to do the basic things that are needed in the countryside—I won't say definitely in the village, but even in the provincial towns. We want a new type of education which lays

emphasis on different things. Nowadays we are geared to technology, but we have to think of work on lower levels than that of B.A.s and M.A.s and specialization.

Edwardes: If systems of politics and law, economics and education are going to change radically—and I think we do agree that it is in India's best interests that they change in the sense of adaptation to real conditions in India—what abiding relationships can we have?

Mrs. Pandit: One that I can envisage is the Commonwealth, our relations to the Commonwealth. Now you probably are thinking of asking me a nasty question about what the Commonwealth is. What is this link that we are going to have? It is an invisible link, but the relationship with the Commonwealth is valuable because it is a fluid relationship; it is not rigid. It is capable of adaptation, as we have seen. India has come into the Commonwealth as a Republic. It has been made possible for her to do that. Other countries have followed suit. There will have to be more adaptation if the countries of Africa are to come in, as they are coming in gradually now. And I think because of the fluidity and lack of rigidity in the Commonwealth that it will adapt itself to all the changes necessary in the near future. That relationship will be of much value to us, as well as to all the countries associated in that idea.

Edwardes: The ideal relationship, which I hope the Commonwealth represents and will continue to represent, is a relationship of neighbours.

Mrs. Pandit: Yes, that is true. We have to be neighbours in the best sense of the word. We have to share things. We have to share things with each other; and so long as we are at the receiving end of the line we are never going to be able to pull our weight. I feel that India has a great deal to give; there are many things she can give, just as there are many things she has to take from the West and from the Commonwealth. When there is a real two-way traffic between this giving and the taking, I think we shall have established the real relationship that we want with Britain.

Edwardes: At the moment, is there any kind of possible co-operation that you feel to be unexploited?

Mrs. Pandit: I feel that the co-operation so far has been on the higher levels, on the governmental levels and the smaller group levels; and that is good and has been valuable. Without it we could not have even begun our economic planning. But there is something far more important, and that is the humblest skills for which one has to go down to the village. I am thinking of co-operation on that level. That will be the moment when the average man, or the little man, will identify himself with the progress of India. He is not going to enthuse over the great Bhakra-Nangal dam, or some other big scheme; but he will be enthusiastic over the little skills, the building up of the small things in his village or in the countryside, where he has his home. That, I think, ought to be exploited and used to the fullest extent very quickly, before the people become discontented and disillusioned.

Revolution by Peasant Armies

Edwardes: It is peasant armies that carry out revolution in Asia now, not intellectuals.

Mrs. Pandit: That is so. If we can get this sort of thing going, I do think we have the real basis for economic planning, because all the things that are being done at the top will then meet somewhere half-way with the grass roots; and we shall then be fairly far along the road to a stable economy. There are so many things that have to be done. For instance, talking of these humbler skills, we could have an exchange of farmers.

There has often been criticism of our surveying: we could have surveyors and mechanics and electricians. All these people can come down; and through them and their assistance in starting these humbler skills, as we are calling them, we shall have found much more employment than those large industries which are seeking to solve the unemployment problem of India, and building up a better standard of living. What I would like to see is young British men and women coming out to India to work on this level; to identify themselves with the ideals and the aspirations of India, and take back with them when they return a sense of what India is and what she is striving for.—*Third Programme*

The Listener

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Being on Our Guard

READERS who remember anything at all about either the Roman Emperor Decius or his later successor Diocletian probably think of them only as persecutors of the Christian faith. A legend of cruelty has attached itself to their names and condemned their reputations with the same strength (if without the element of caricature) that other legends have condemned rulers like Pépin III, King of the Franks, to be forever dismissed as 'the Short' or one of his successors, Charles III as 'the Fat'. In a talk that we print today Mr. M. I. Finley brings out some of the real attributes of Diocletian's character as an emperor, such as his practical realism and his efficiency as an administrator of the Roman Empire at the beginning of the fourth century. Mr. Finley touches on the casualness of Diocletian's attack on the Christians and on the lack of doctrinaire persecuting theory behind the Emperor's action. Most people will find the arguments convincing, although a similar explanation would be harder to discover for the Decian persecution of 251.

The sinister lesson for the modern world lies in the intolerant inhumanity of such actions and the complacency with which the Roman senators, civil servants, military leaders, and aristocrats throughout the length and breadth of the Empire stood by and allowed them to take place. The intolerance bred other intolerance. From the first it did so even among the most enlightened Christian leaders. We cannot today admire St. Augustine when he quotes St. Luke's unfortunate phrase—'Compel them to come in'—in trying to justify strong methods against schismatics; or when he declares that 'whoever is not found within the Church, is not to be asked why, but either he is to be corrected and converted or, if brought to book, let him not complain'. Too much zeal of this sort undoubtedly did harm to the Christian tradition and started a chain of events that in Britain was not perhaps finally modified until the repeal of the various penalties against Roman Catholics and Dissenters between 1689 and 1828.

The complacency of the fourth-century Romans reminds us that we must constantly remain on our guard lest any intolerance of this sort, racial or spiritual, should re-emerge among the nations of the world. A great deal has been made since the war of the large number of German people who are supposed to have 'disagreed' with the Nazi ideology during Hitler's years of power. Yet we have to remember that the first really effective plot against the Fuehrer's life did not take place until July 20, 1944, when the war was as good as lost. When Fabian von Schlabrendorff—a descendant of Queen Victoria's mentor, Baron Stockmar, and one of the few Germans who did work tirelessly against Hitler all the time—came to write of the years before 1939, he said that the non-Nazis of those days were almost worse than the Nazis. 'Their lack of backbone', he wrote, 'caused us more trouble than the wanton brutality of the Nazis . . . they were finally overwhelmed by the avalanche'. Professor Mitscherlich, in a talk on another page, asks if a situation similar to the one that occurred under Hitler could repeat itself in Germany today. His answer is stimulating enough; and many will believe that it is the duty of the present generation of Germans, particularly those of the forty-year-old age group which he mentions, to be on their guard against the intolerance of their own so recent past.

What They Are Saying

President Eisenhower's Latin American tour

PRESIDENT EISENHOWER'S tour of Latin American countries has been the object of vehement attack in Chinese Communist transmissions, but Russian broadcasts have been much more restrained. One Peking broadcaster commented on Mr. Eisenhower's expressions of sympathy, while in Chile, for Latin America's desire for arms reduction. This had been a mere 'gesture':

Even on the eve of his departure for South America the United States President bragged about his country's 'military strength'. The gesture to 'support' disarmament could not for a moment cover the poisonous pill of U.S. war policy. Eisenhower stressed the need for safeguarding the Rio de Janeiro treaty by force. Such 'united defence' and 'military co-operation' are chains to tie the Latin American countries to the U.S. chariot of armament expansion.

The Peking broadcaster went on to declare that the United States had spread its network of military bases all over Central and South America, and touched also on the United States' relations with Cuba:

The U.S. proposal for the formation of an 'inter-American police force' was put forward at the conference of the Organization of American States in Washington. The proposal was designed primarily for armed intervention in Cuba. Nevertheless, it was not accepted by the Latin American countries because of its strong smell of blood.

Soviet Russian comment on Mr. Eisenhower's Latin American journey was more restrained. Though critical of American policies, it included favourable references to the President himself. One transmission in English included the following:

Considerable sections of the Latin American press note that, regardless of sympathy for Eisenhower personally, expressed by some quarters, the visit of the U.S. President will not make the Governments and peoples of Latin America forget that the solution of the problems confronting the underdeveloped nations in this area is blocked by the political and economic interests of North American monopolies.

The Russian broadcast went on to point to specific criticisms of United States policy, which had appeared in the Latin American press, for example: Argentine discontent over the United States import duties on meat and wheat; Brazilian dissatisfaction over American unwillingness to increase cotton and sugar purchases; dissatisfaction in Uruguay because of 'extremely high import duties on wool', and in Chile over U.S. copper tariffs.

The Russian commentator's reference to United States-Cuban relations was more moderate in tone than Peking's comment quoted above. The Soviet broadcaster said:

The upsurge of the national liberation movement in Latin America seriously alarms certain quarters in the U.S.A., which would like to retard this movement. Reports have even appeared of plans to sound the possibility of creating a 'sanitary cordon' around Cuba. Judging from pronouncements by public figures as well as the Latin American press, such an idea is not popular and is rebuffed by many official circles.

Cuban radio stations were mostly uncomplimentary in their comments on President Eisenhower's Latin American journey. 'Radio Mambi' (Havana) declared that Mr. Eisenhower had chosen to visit Brazil because its President maintained 'the old putrid idea of pan-Americanism'. He had decided to go to the Argentine because the latter's President was 'ready to sell his soul to the United States devil as long as he can remain in power'; he had chosen to go to Chile because Alessandri ruled 'behind the back of his people'. As for Uruguay, it was 'on the route'. Another Cuban commentary, over the C.M.Q. circuit, was more sober in tone. It remarked that in general Mr. Eisenhower had had an enthusiastic and respectful reception, but that he had had a chance to realize the masses' approval of the Cuban revolution. A Chilean radio station, 'Nuevo Mundo', suggested that Mr. Eisenhower wanted to get support to counterbalance Dr. Fidel Castro; there would, however, be no 'anti-Fidel bloc' or direct action against Cuba.

—Based on information collected by the B.B.C. Monitoring Service
DERRICK SINGTON

Did You Hear That?

ACCESS TO SECRET DOCUMENTS

ACCESS BY former Ministers of the Crown to secret state documents has recently been the subject of questions to the Prime Minister in the House of Commons. ROBERT BLAKE, who is a lecturer in politics at Oxford and a Tutor at Christ Church, spoke on the subject in 'At Home and Abroad' (Home Service).

'There are', he said, 'two problems: first, what the actual rules are; secondly, what they ought to be. The present rules about access to and use of secret state papers distinguish the position of ex-Ministers of the Crown from everyone else. Ex-Ministers are allowed, at any time, to see the files which were available to them and which concerned their own actions while they were in office. This is not a legal right. It could be withdrawn by the Prime Minister of the day and it merely represents what has come to be the customary practice.'

'Access is given in order that ex-Ministers may refresh their memories of events in which they took part as Ministers. They would not be allowed to see papers which referred exclusively to what happened outside their periods of office. For everyone else, the rule is simple: Cabinet papers do not become available to historians until fifty years after the time they were written.'

'So much for access. Publication, however, is governed by the Official Secrets Act, which enables the Government to prosecute anyone who publishes material prejudicial to the interests or security of the state. In practice this means that anyone who wants to publish information or extracts from secret documents must clear the matter with the Government—in effect, with the current Prime Minister. Otherwise, he risks prosecution. Nor is this risk merely confined to the use of what can be called official documents. I edited the personal diary of Field-Marshal Earl Haig, and it was held that even this, which referred to events nearly forty years earlier, had to be submitted to the Cabinet Office for approval. I should add that approval was readily given.'

'The Official Secrets Act applies whether or not the author wishes to publish verbatim quotations. You do not escape prosecution merely by paraphrase. The rules which at present govern the sort of permission given are really those reaffirmed by Lord Attlee when he was Prime Minister and had to consider the publication of Sir Winston Churchill's memoirs.'

'Ought these rules to be changed? The Prime Minister said in Parliament some days ago that he had an open mind on the matter. As a historian I am all for cats coming out of bags reasonably soon. I should be sorry to see new restrictions imposed. Indeed, my complaint at the present rules is not that they are too lax towards ex-Ministers but that they are not lax enough towards historians. I am sure that twenty-five rather than fifty years is a long enough period to forbid access, although it would be reasonable to vet published material for security purposes. As for Ministers, I do not see how any more rigid rules could be laid down. The public has a right to know as much as possible of the facts behind decisions which affect their lives. Since one could hardly prohibit ex-Ministers from writing memoirs, it is better that they should have the chance to get their facts right. It would be wrong to reveal details of Cabinet disagreements or to damage people who cannot make an adequate rejoinder. But this is what the Prime Minister's power of veto is for.'

'FINDS' AT NONSUCH

'One day when, as an amateur archaeologist, I was working on excavations at Nonsuch Palace in Surrey', said SHEILA F. RICHARDSON in a talk in the Home Service, 'I heard a faint



Excavated at Nonsuch Palace: a piece of carved slate depicting a vase overflowing with fruit and flowers (c. 1540)—

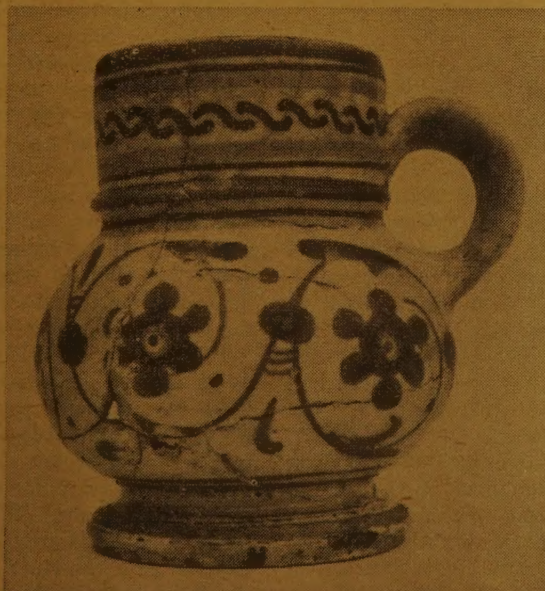
tinkling sound amidst a layer of broken roof-tiles, three feet below ground level. Nothing to get excited about, you may think, but to us it was a clue to the date when Cuddington Manor was destroyed to make way for the building of Nonsuch Palace.

'This palace, encrusted with the ornate decorations which gave it its name, was the brain child of Henry VIII. Still incomplete at his death, it passed from owner to owner until, less than 150 years after its birth, it died at the hands of Barbara Villiers. This mistress of Charles II sold it for what it was worth as building material, in order to pay off her gambling debts.'

'With it was sold much of near-by Merton Abbey, which Henry had demolished because it was a handy source of stone for his pleasure-house. As much as possible was used in the palace walls, while fluted columns, carved stone, and other bits of the abbey were broken up and mixed with the rubble that formed the foundations. When the vast cellar was excavated this year, beautifully carved roundels were found incorporated in the walls.'

'My first sight of an excavation in progress made me gasp. The amount of work done in only a few weeks was staggering. Two-thirds of the site had already been cleared, and this included the enormous wine cellar seventy-five feet long, thirty-five feet wide, and twelve feet deep. It took weeks to remove the hundreds of tons of broken rubble with which it had been filled when the palace was demolished.'

'Work was still in progress on the old Cuddington graveyard from which scores of skeletons had been painstakingly lifted and recorded, and there were still many more to come.'



—and a delft-ware jug (c. 1600)

By courtesy of the Nonsuch Palace Excavation Committee

"Look out for finds", said Ann, one of the site supervisors, as she left me to my labours.

"Such as what?" I asked.

"Carved slate, terra cotta plaques, pottery, glass . . ."

After a while, I put down my pick and started clearing away the loose soil and stones, carefully examining each shovelful as I put it in the wheelbarrow. I had set aside three chunks of what looked to me like moulded plaster, a splinter of bone, and two flakes of slate by the time Ann returned to check my progress.

"That's coming up well", she applauded. "Any finds yet?"

I waved an airy hand at my pile of trophies and leant on my shovel, awaiting further congratulation.

"That's chalk; so is that; that's a lump of stone; that's a chicken bone—you're near the kitchens here—and *those* aren't any good".

All my precious "finds" were tossed casually into the barrow.

I flipped some more flakes of slate into the barrow and grasped the handles, preparatory to adding my humble contribution to the enormous pile of rubbish accumulating on the edge of the site. As I bent, my eye was caught by a scratch on one of the bits of slate. A closer look showed that it was man-made and, when I had rubbed it clean on the seat of my jeans, I made out an "M" and a "C". Mutely, I thrust the piece of slate at Ann.

"Gosh!" she breathed. "Initials!" And she ran off with it.

"Here's a 'Finds Tray'", she said, as she came back, putting it on the ground. "And here is your slate". The fragment, now wrapped in an enormous plastic bag, was laid reverently in the tray.

"They are thrilled with it up there", she said, nodding to a row of trestle tables set up in the distance. On these, all the "finds" were cleaned, sorted, and either thrown out as worthless or carefully recorded and packed away. It seemed that my tiny flake bore the initials of the Italian who had carved great slabs of slate for the ornamentation of the palace façade. Carved slate is a rarity anywhere and, when I later saw larger pieces which were found, I could understand the excitement over his work. Exquisite bunches of flowers and fruit, some of them still gilded, adorned the shaly material we know only as a drab roof-covering.

TEA WITH MARIE CORELLI

GEOFFREY JAGGARD spent his childhood in Stratford upon Avon, at a time when Marie Corelli, the romantic novelist, was at the height of her popularity. In 'Woman's Hour' from the Midlands he recalls going to tea with her.

"I suppose I was about eight the first time I saw Marie Corelli. It was on a Sunday evening in the parish church. Everyone was in his place. The clergy were about to appear. There was the sound of a car door closing; and down the avenue of lime trees came the strange, deliberate sound we called "frou-frou", such as heralds the approach of one arrayed in heavy satin. Then—sensation! In the centre aisle appeared two ladies who swept majestically the length of the church, with a positive susurrations of "frou-frou": Marie Corelli and her inseparable friend and companion, Bertha Vyver—known irreverently as Big Bertha. They looked rather like a raven and a budgerigar taking a walk together. Bertha, dressed as always in voluminous black, was the perfect foil to the tiny and exquisite Marie, who looked simply magnificent. Her gold hair piled high beneath one of the picture hats of the day; her *petite*, but very complete, figure swathed in a metallic sheath—a long, flowing costume of lapis-lazuli blue that looked as though it would stand up by itself, with elbow-length mittens and a doll-size parasol.

And that was the being who, now that I was sixteen, had asked me to tea. I was what the Lancastrians call "goompy", but I could listen, watch, and remember. The butler announced me, rather as the clerk of the court pronounces the prisoner's name, and I found myself facing that tiny figure in light blue, who was seated before the largest fireplace I have ever seen.

The conversation ranged over Stratford and its more prominent citizens, most of whom (I gathered) ought to be forcibly removed from the town. Then she encouraged me to speak of myself and my plans, and gave me some sound advice on writing. Then she told me a story.

She had had reason to suspect that she had not been receiving the full amount of her royalties from one of her American agents on the sales of her latest book in the United States. She estimated this deficit as about \$2,000. Hearing the gentleman concerned was in Europe, she summoned him to dine with her at Stratford.

"I gave him a good dinner", she said, "then we came into this room. He sat in that very chair you're sitting in now!"

My heart leapt in alarm, so dramatic was the utterance.

"I gave him a good cigar; then, I went to the door". With these words she rose and crossed to the door with the motion of a she-panther pacing its cage, whirled round, and faced me with her hands behind her.

"I locked it behind me", she said. "Then, I looked at him, and I said, 'Now, Mr. Smith, what about that two thousand dollars?' And he went as white as that tablecloth!"

My hair was standing on end, but I managed to stammer "Wh-hat happened then?"

"Then", she said, "he produced a cheque-book and—I think the current phrase is—he coughed up".



Marie Corelli (1864-1924)

COUNTRY PARSON

"Our local chapel stands high and alone on the bleak open hill", said HARRY SOAN in 'Small Talk' (General Overseas Service). "Sheep rub their itching flanks against the enclosing stone wall. Not many people worship in it nowadays, but for families for miles around it is the shrine of their dead, so enough money comes in to support the minister, John Porter.

John is in his middle forties, has been there for twenty years, and will doubtless stay till the end of his working days. A tall, thin, quiet, well-read man with sharp observant eyes, a keen mind and a wise tongue. As a preacher he has no tricks, no mannerisms, no fire. He stands in his pulpit and delivers his sermons of plain sense in the plainest of words. He calls on the sick, the aged, and the bereaved at his discretion, but upon the hale and hearty only by invitation. A sensible shepherd of sheep will keep an eye on his flock mostly from over the hedge, only going in and disturbing it when something is seen to be wrong. John does likewise with his flock. He meets the menfolk in the lanes and fields and stops to talk. Because he is a good listener the stops are mostly long ones.

I often wonder what John thinks about his life, which appears to be without the achievements of seed-times or harvests, or anything else to mark the passage of the years. Is he resigned to life in the country because he knows he has not the town minister's graces and gifts and has learned to live with the fact without sourness? Anyway, for us, his neighbours, he is the personification of our conscience. For, while he never dramatically snatches souls from the flames of hell, his very presence prevents many from getting that far: the thought of meeting him in the field, the lane, or in town and not being able to enjoy his company puts a much more enduring restraint upon our behaviour than fiery, impassioned preaching could ever do.

Symbol and Image

The first of two talks by SIR RUSSELL BRAIN

IT may seem odd that there should be any problem connected with perception. What could seem more straightforward than those every-day experiences, which we call perceiving things? A book, for instance, may be red in colour and has a certain size and shape. It is cool and firm to the touch, and feels heavy when I lift it. To say that the book is not really red or firm or heavy sounds like nonsense, and in my view is nonsense.

Apprehending Colour

How, then, does any problem arise in connexion with perception? It arises from the account which scientists, in particular physicists and physiologists, give of what happens when I perceive the book. The physicist says that I perceive red when light waves of a certain wave length originate in or are reflected from an object. The physical state of a red object, therefore, is that associated with the propagation of light waves of that particular wave length. The physiologist explains that these light waves convey their energy to sensitive receptors in the retina of the eyes, and this excites nerve impulses in the optic nerves which are carried along the visual pathways to the brain. I experience a sensation of redness only when it arrives at that part of the surface of the brain (the visual cortex) which is concerned with vision.

The physiologist says that the nerve impulse, which consists of an electrical change passing up the nerve, is physically quite unlike the wave length of light which set it going, just as, for example, the explosion which occurs in a cartridge is physically unlike the blow released by pulling the trigger which causes it. So we must not picture the colour red as a physical property of the book which is somehow conducted through space to the eye, and then runs up the nerves into the brain, and enters consciousness as a kind of sample of the external world. Seeing red is associated only with the occurrence of the appropriate electrical changes in the brain itself. For our present purpose it does not matter whether we say that seeing red is simply another way of describing these changes, or whether we suppose that what is happening in the brain excites the sensation of red in an independent mind. The point is that what is happening in the brain, and the consciousness resulting from it, must be in some respects quite unlike the change in the external object which causes it.

There is other evidence in support of this view. Sometimes the brain is excited in some abnormal way, for example in the course of an epileptic attack, or by means of certain drugs, or even by direct electrical stimulation when an operation is being performed under local anaesthesia, so that the surgeon may have the co-operation of a conscious patient. Then sensations, such as colours, smells, touches, and other bodily feelings, may be experienced by the patient although there is no external stimulus to excite them. So you see how the scientific facts of perception give rise to a problem which would hardly suggest itself as a result of common-sense, every-day experience. If we become aware of the colour red solely as the result of changes occurring in the brain, which is inside the skull, how do we come to locate the red in the book which is lying on the table?

Nerve Fibres and Pain-pathways

Before I try to answer that question, let us look at another aspect of it. Pain is produced by damage to the body. Such damage may occur in a great many ways: it may be due to actual injury, as when one cuts oneself or breaks a bone, or it may be the result of disease. In either case, what happens is that the physical changes produced by the injury or the disease excite certain nerve fibres. These set going nerve impulses which are carried through the nerves to the spinal cord and then, in particular pathways, up to those parts of the brain which are concerned with the conscious experience of pain. If disease attacks

the pain-pathways themselves, pain may be experienced as the result, but, if so, it will be felt as if it were located in that part of the body from which the damaged pain-pathway comes, even though that part of the body itself is perfectly healthy. This is one form of what is sometimes described as 'referred pain'.

A striking example of this is the experience of what is called a painful phantom limb. Many people who have had a limb amputated say that for a time it feels as though it were still there. Exceptionally, fortunately, the non-existent phantom limb is the site of pain. A patient who is suffering from a painful phantom after the amputation of an arm, for example, when asked where the pain is, will reply: 'I feel it in the fingers'. So, as far as perception is concerned, feelings excited by changes in the body are dealt with in the same way as the sensations which underlie our perceptions of the external world. A sensation of touch or pain aroused by something happening to my finger is experienced only when the nerve impulses it excites have reached the appropriate part of my brain, yet I locate the sensation of touch or pain in my finger.

Thus we may picture a pain-fibre in the nervous system as conveying information that something unpleasant is happening at the point in the body with which its termination is in contact. It is as though there were an automatic telephone wire from Glasgow to London so constructed that when someone pressed a switch at Glasgow it produced only the message: 'Something wrong at Glasgow'. If something went wrong with the wire at Carlisle or Birmingham and caused it to send a message, all it could do would be to send its customary message: 'Something wrong at Glasgow'. In just this way, if a pain-fibre from the hand, let us say, is irritated not by something happening to the hand but by some disturbance on its way to the brain, or even in the brain itself, the subject will feel pain in the hand.

The Conveyors of Information

So we may look upon the sensory side of the nervous system, including the special receptors in the eye and the ear and elsewhere, as conveying information about what is happening both in the body itself and also outside it, in which case the information depends upon physical impulses reaching the body as light waves, sound waves, and so on. We need not stop now to consider in detail how the brain deals with the information thus received, but it is a highly complex process, and even such an apparently simple piece of information as the experience of a pain in the hand emerges into consciousness only after it has been pooled with a vast amount of information from other sources.

The next point to be noted is that the living organism cannot deal with much of its information in a crude state. We cannot, for instance, imagine any kind of living body except the simplest in which light waves and sound waves and physical impulses of various kinds jostled each other directly. In fact, the evolution of the nervous system was a big biological triumph, because it enabled the living organism to develop specialized receptors for various forms of physical stimulus, mostly on the surface of the body, while leaving the handling of the resulting information to excitable cells which only conduct electrical impulses. These differ little from one another in potential and frequency and rate of conduction, whether they serve vision or hearing or the sense of touch. The nervous system, therefore, translates the physical impulses of light and sound received by the body from outside, as well as changes occurring within it, into a comparatively simple and fairly uniform system of electrical coding. By this means the living organism is able to receive and deal with a vast amount of information of many different kinds, its range depending first upon the sensitivity of the receptor organs, but even more upon the richness in nerve cells and their connexions of those parts of the brain upon which sensation depends.

When it comes to decoding the information conveyed by electrical impulses in the nerves, information about space presents no big problem. The body itself is a spatial structure. The eye functions very much like a camera, the retina being a surface upon which the lens projects a small picture of the world we see. Different parts of the picture excite different nerves in the visual pathways and are represented by different regions of the brain. In other words, spatial differences in the external world, and also in the parts of the body itself, are represented by different spatial areas of the brain. The decoding of information about the quality of a sensation, however, does set the nervous system a problem. As we have seen, there is no means by which waves travelling with the frequency of light waves can be carried to the brain, and although different parts of the ear are sensitive to the different sound frequencies we are able to hear, those frequencies themselves are not conducted to the nervous system, nor are the chemical substances which excite the sense of smell. The pathways concerned in sight, hearing, and smell end in different parts of the brain, so that space may here play some part in distinguishing one sensory quality from another. But, as far as we know, the quality of our sensory experiences when we see a red book, hear the sound of middle C, or smell the scent of roses, is the subjective aspect of a particular pattern of electrical discharges in the brain.

Perceptual Discrimination

It is inevitable, therefore, that a percept should contain subjective elements, and indeed it is these which make perceptual discrimination possible. External objects are perceived through the nervous system, and such of their physical differences as can be distinguished by our sensory receptors are represented by distinguishable sensory qualities. We are all familiar with the fact that the way things look is influenced by the medium through which light waves pass on their way from them to us. The colour of distant objects depends on the state of the atmosphere, and if I look at the world through rose-coloured spectacles things will have a rosy appearance. A similar 'labelling' of physical objects with sensory qualities is done by the nervous system. It would obviously be useless if the label were not attached to the object, and this is what happens in perception. We have accurate spatial information concerning the external world, but as part of this process it is perceived with sensory qualities contributed by our own brains, which symbolize some of its physical properties.

Perception may therefore be regarded as the receipt of information about the external world and our own bodies. This information, in order that it may be manipulated by the nervous system, is coded in the form of electrical impulses. It is subsequently decoded in order that it may be used for purposes of action; but whereas the spatial characteristics of bodies can be represented in consciousness in spatial terms, some physical properties of bodies or of stimuli reaching our own bodies cannot be directly reproduced by the nervous system. They must therefore be represented in consciousness by distinguishing sensory qualities which are a product of the nervous system itself. Such sensory qualities, therefore, are a kind of symbol, that is, they stand for something else, in this case the physical characteristics of the objects or stimuli.

Let us look at some of the consequences that follow from the facts of physics and physiology which I have just outlined. The first, and perhaps the most obvious, is that an information system such as the nervous system may go wrong, and provide false information. I have already given examples of this in connexion with pain, and a person who suffers from a painful phantom limb is obviously receiving false information, since he is experiencing pain in a hand that no longer exists. More complex errors of information are produced by drugs, such as mescaline and lysergic acid, which in some way interfere with the functions of those parts of the brain concerned in perception. The result is to produce perceptual illusions, or even hallucinations, by causing the brain to fabricate information such as would have been aroused if external objects, or even the body itself, had undergone changes which did not in reality take place. The fact that a subject who has taken lysergic acid describes vivid changes in the colour of the objects surrounding him, as well as seeing coloured objects which do not exist, supports the view that both normal and

abnormal sensory qualities are generated by the brain. But because our sense organs and nervous system receive information, perception is never purely subjective: it is a kind of knowledge, which tells us a great deal about the outside world and our own bodies.

Drawing the Line

Where should we draw the line between the objective and the subjective in perception? Whitehead, describing what he regards as the outcome of the views of Descartes and Locke, says:

The mind in apprehending also experiences sensations which, properly speaking, are projected by the mind alone. These sensations are projected by the mind so as to clothe appropriate bodies in external nature. Thus the bodies are perceived as with qualities which in reality do not belong to them, qualities which in fact are purely the offspring of the mind. Thus nature gets credit which should in truth be reserved for ourselves: the rose for its scent: the nightingale for its song: and the sun for its radiance. The poets are entirely mistaken. They should address their lyrics to themselves, and should turn them into odes of self-congratulation on the excellency of the human mind. Nature is a dull affair, soundless, scentless, colourless, merely the hurrying of material, endless, meaningless. And yet—it is quite unbelievable. This conception of the universe is surely framed in terms of high abstractions, and the paradox only arises because we have mistaken our abstraction for concrete realities.

However we look at it, we must, I think, accept the view that nature is much more odd than common sense supposes. We are beginning to get used to this in the physicists' sphere of space-time: we have not yet got used to it in the physiologists' and psychologists' sphere of perception. Consciousness, here identical with common sense, presents us with our bodies and a world outside them. The outside world consists of objects whose existence and qualities appear to owe nothing to us, and which behave independently of us except in so far as we are able to act upon them. Science gives us another account of the world, which shows that perceiving is what Whitehead calls a prehension, or Dewey a transaction, and that the vivid distinction which consciousness makes between external objects and our own bodies has to be reconciled with the fact that the external objects, though they are objective in the sense of being outside our bodies and possessing an independent existence, exhibit sensory qualities which are contributed by our own consciousness. Think again of the rose-coloured spectacles, through which the colour of the glass becomes also the colour of distant objects.

The Nightingale and its Song

But let us go back to the passage I quoted from Whitehead. If Descartes and Locke are right, he is arguing, we, and not the nightingale, should get credit for its song. He means by this that though the nightingale, when singing, produces a series of vibrations in the air, it is our ears and brains which convert them into the throbbing beauty of their individual sounds. But Whitehead, in choosing this illustration, forgot something that is profoundly important for the subject of my next talk. Keats, you will remember, said of the nightingale:

The voice I hear this passing night was heard
In ancient days by emperor and clown.

But it was heard also long before there were human ears to hear it. The nightingale hears its own song, and the songs of other nightingales. So we see how artificial an abstraction it is to identify the nightingale's song solely with the sound waves which momentarily transmit it. The nightingale's song has evolved because it has been heard as well as sung. The sounds heard by the nightingale are as much a part of it as are the air vibrations, and the nervous impulses by which it is produced, and those which, in the listening bird, accompany the act of hearing. And, although we can have no direct knowledge of the feelings of birds, nor for that matter of any other human being, I at least have no doubt that the nightingale's song is linked with feelings in the singing bird, and evokes feelings in other nightingales. So if we are to think adequately about the nightingale's song, we must think of it in terms of the consciousness of the nightingale, of communication, and feelings. And why should we draw the line at the nightingale's feelings, and exclude the poet's? And how can we include the poet's without taking into account the poem?

—Third Programme

The Art of Conducting—I

By SIR ADRIAN BOULT

I OFTEN wonder what our audiences think about the matter of preparation for an orchestral concert. I dare say that it is not generally realized that though a short studio concert of fairly familiar music may be rehearsed only once, the usual B.B.C. Symphony Concert generally needs three rehearsals of three hours each, and may have as many as six. I have been concerned with two opera performances recently, Busoni's *Faust* at the Festival Hall, and a recording of Vaughan Williams's *Pilgrim's Progress* for the B.B.C. (to be broadcast in March or April), and for each of these we had eight rehearsals.

Planning a rehearsal is a personal thing, and, with the greatest respect, I often feel that some of my most distinguished colleagues waste a tremendous amount of time and energy—their own energy, as well as that of their chorus, orchestra, and soloists—by starting at the beginning of the first rehearsal, and insisting on a perfect performance of the first few bars before they proceed any further. There are some who will never allow the slightest blemish to pass without stopping the music, pointing out what was wrong (even if the error is obvious to everyone in the room), and starting again some little way back.

We had a very eminent visitor at the B.B.C. in pre-war days, who never gave the orchestra a chance of playing the work straight through and getting a picture of it as a whole until the actual performance. One of the players told me that he did not think they had ever been allowed to play more than ten bars at a stretch without being pulled up for something.

Some conductors seem to be afraid that if they let a mistake pass without instantly stopping and commenting on it, the orchestra will think that they have scored off the conductor, and will boast that they got away with something 'the old man didn't notice'. This painstaking and meticulous method may

perhaps be right and necessary with the more unsophisticated players of southern Europe. It was the early method of Toscanini, and of others of the greatest conductors of their time, but it is undeniable that it uses up an enormous amount of rehearsal time, and is fatal for the quick rehearsing that so often is forced on us in this country by economic necessity.



Toscanini rehearsing with the B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra in the Queen's Hall in 1935

In fact I would go further, and say that besides wasting time, it is, from the psychological standpoint, an absolutely wrong approach to Anglo-Saxon professionals and, indeed, to northern Europeans generally, as far as my experience goes. We in Britain, if driven from the very first bar through a series of three or four rehearsals, will certainly lose interest long before the concert, and find it difficult to recapture our freshness and come up to concert pitch even when we see the audience in the hall or the red light in the studio. Our people like to be led and not driven, and if I may adopt a sporting analogy, I feel rather like the trainer of a team or a crew and want to begin gently and easily, then increase the tension as we go along; but the final rehearsal is still a preparation for the concert rather than a model of it.

In other words: some conductors conduct a concert at every rehearsal, and we others like to build the whole thing up gradually to concert pitch. It was interesting to see how even Toscanini, working with a British orchestra, realized that, with the utmost willingness, they could not give him his maximum tension before the great day. Nikisch, from whom I learnt so much by attending his rehearsals many years ago, seemed to approach them from the easiest possible point of view. He would start by going straight through a work, or a large section of it, and he would then go through it again, perhaps skipping passages that had gone well



'Rehearsal with Nikisch', a painting of 1912 by Richard Jack, R.A.

By courtesy of the Trustees of the Tate Gallery

at the first reading, but dipping into the places that needed hard work, and giving them hard work, but never losing sight of the fact that it was a rehearsal and not a performance.

His object seemed to be to improve the whole thing gradually within the rehearsal time at his disposal, but not necessarily aiming at one definite ideal performance. He would often touch up a salient passage, and when that was right, leave it to the players to apply what he had done to other passages which might be similar.

The longer I live and work, the more strongly I respect the players with whom I am privileged to make music. After a preliminary run-through one often finds that at the second approach the things that one might have stopped and talked about have all corrected themselves through the skill and judgment of the players. We conductors all talk much too much; we need not be afraid of trusting the orchestra.

Is a Conductor Necessary?

I am often asked whether a conductor is really necessary, though the question is sometimes wrapped up a little more politely. I think it is clear that an ensemble performance of music, whether it consists of three people or a hundred, needs a directing mind if it is going to be really worth listening to, and it is important that that direction should not intrude on the performance and be audible at it: it must confine itself to rehearsals. Most of us can remember performances of string quartets where the first violin dominated everything and relegated the rest of the quartet to the status of an accompaniment: and many light combinations are directed by a piano-conductor or violin-conductor, who drags the (usually ill-rehearsed) show along in an obvious way, in marked contrast to the charming performances which one can hear sometimes from that medium.

Who, then, is to do that directing? Time was when the director was a pianist, an organist, a violinist, a composer with a club which he banged on the floor (or on his foot as poor Spohr found out), and I can myself remember, in an important south-European capital, a man who helped the conductor at the royal opera house by striking up on a wooden clapper the moment the chorus began, and going on all the time they were singing. The silent conductor came in in the early nineteenth century, and seems to be a fixture for the present. He can have an uncanny influence over the players and singers, and sometimes, when several conductors are sharing a concert, it is extraordinary to hear the difference in tonal quality as the conductors change places.

What does the conductor do? I am sometimes told that the players never look at me. Of course they do not; they have to look at their music and read it as they go along. It is my business to try to see that an eloquent stick is seen by the player just over the music which he is reading. The eye can take in a wide area round the spot at which one is actually looking, and it is important that the player should place his music so that he can see the stick just over it. It is also the conductor's business to see that his stick is inside the field of the player's vision, and I would suggest that if the conductor waves his hand and stick round in the air well over his head, it is not as easy to see as it would be just in front of him.

Rehearsing a Choir

With a choir ranged above him, the conductor will have to move in a larger and higher circle, but, again, I try to see that singers keep their music well up so that the stick can be seen just above it, as with the orchestra. At the same time, a chorus has usually had the benefit of a good deal more rehearsal than the orchestra, and the singers must form the habit of paying attention to the beat when concert-time comes, as well as in the later stages of rehearsal; but prior to that I am not at all sure that they should be conducted at all. They should look at their copies while learning their notes, and I used often to sit at the pianoforte myself during these early stages, for it can only do harm if you conduct them when they are not ready to look at the beat.

The conductor, then, has the task of leading the ensemble wherever there is a start, a finish, a pause, or a change of time or pace. He is the mainspring of the emotional interpretation of the work, and must often lead by anticipation. His view of the

work as a whole must never be obscured, but must pass to the audience in order that the flow and inevitable forward movement of the music should never seem to falter. In classical music there are often long passages of slow but relentless advance which in themselves call for no special action from the conductor. Here, we are told, Mendelssohn would cease to beat altogether, and Wagner would take a pinch of snuff. Nobody ever seems to stop conducting nowadays, but I wonder whether it would not be a good thing sometimes. At any rate, an over-heavy accentuation, and stodginess can often be felt when a conductor insists on going on with a heavy up-and-down movement all through these passages. Players and singers cannot be expected to perform with deftness and delicacy if they see their director behaving like a windmill, and, in fact, conducting *fortissimo* when he expects the performance to be *pianissimo*.

I think back to the technique of Arthur Nikisch: a stick of shining white that could readily be seen by everyone, actuated with the utmost restraint mostly by the thumb and two fingers, yet in a way that conveyed the pace and emotion of the music to perfection. *Legato*, *staccato*, expression of the widest range, could all be shown by the way the point of the stick moved. Behind the fingers was the wrist, and (rarely) the elbow to indicate the broader and louder effects. The shoulder never moved. I remember a Brahms symphony during which his hand never rose above the level of his face. If he had stretched to arm's length one would have expected an earthquake—such was the economy and the terrific temperament behind it. The left hand amplified the right at the rare moments when the stick could not express all he wished; but there was never that dual looking-glass action that we see so often nowadays when left and right arms do exactly the same thing together, and the players must surely wonder what part of the conductor's anatomy they are expected to look to for guidance.

I have said that we conductors all talk too much. Now I add: we all *do* too much also—but I still maintain that we must be there to do something.—*Third Programme*

Professor J. Wight Duff's *Literary History of Rome in the Silver Age*, first published in 1927, has been reissued in a new edition by the author's son, A. M. Duff (Ernest Benn, £3 3s.). It covers the period from Tiberius to Hadrian (there is a companion volume for the earlier period to the close of the Golden Age) and contains many alterations and additions; the comprehensive bibliography has been brought up to date.

Sir Anthony Eden Answers Questions

THE LISTENER next week will publish the television interview given by the former Prime Minister to the Canadian journalist, Blair Fraser, and broadcast in B.B.C. television

In this number will also be published
'A World of Disk Jockeys and
Spot Advertising'

by JACK GOULD of *The New York Times*
and

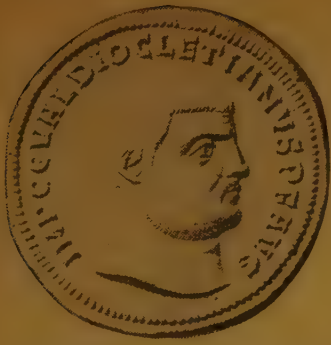
'The Martyrdom of St. Sebastian'

by L. D. ETTLINGER

in the 'Painting of the Month' series

The Emperor Diocletian

By M. I. FINLEY



Head of Diocletian on a medalion struck during his reign
British Museum

DRAWING LESSONS from the past is an old game, to which few rulers have been more subject than Diocletian, Roman emperor from A.D. 284 to 305. He did three things which made this inevitable: he reorganized the administration into an elaborate bureaucracy; he tried to fix maximum prices and wages; and he initiated the so-called 'Great Persecution' of the Christians. Individually and collectively, these measures are a standing invitation to pass moralizing judgments. In his own day there was Lactantius, a convert to Christianity, who, in a sadistic pamphlet called *On the Deaths of the Persecutors*, drew the lesson of God's inexorable vengeance. In our day, in the nineteen-twenties, the great Russian-born historian, Michael Rostovtzeff, used Diocletian as a club with which to beat the Russian Revolution. Still more recently, journalists and historians have pounced on the welfare state and the American New Deal from the springboard of Diocletian's failure with his edict of maximum prices and wages.

The trouble with so much of this kind of political argument by distant historical analogy is that it too often gets history wrong, or it analyses actions out of their contexts. If we put Diocletian's career in proper perspective, I shall argue, the supposed modern similarities turn out to be illusory and the modern analogies worthless.

Gaius Aurelius Valerius Diocletianus was a humble Illyrian who made his career in the army, and in the autumn of 284 was proclaimed emperor by a group of officers. We do not know when Diocletian was born, or where, nor do we know much about his rise from the ranks to the throne. All this is fairly characteristic of the period. For half a century the empire had been in complete chaos, and it was pulled together primarily by men from the Danubian regions, mostly obscure men who made their mark and got their power in the army. Those who became emperors soon enough had their biographies written, but biographers of the later Roman Empire were men of little skill and less honour, and what they tell us is irresponsible adulation or vilification, as the case may be, with little fact scattered among the fables.

The years of Diocletian's reign, however, are fairly well documented, not only by his many edicts and laws but also by buildings, which are an important kind of documentation. Lactantius berated Diocletian for his 'insatiable passion for building', but, curiously, in his list of examples Lactantius failed to

mention the two outstanding ones, the baths in Rome and the palace in Spalato (modern Split) on the Adriatic coast of Dalmatia. The baths were the largest in the empire, so vast that today the nearly thirty acres of floor space hold not only the church of Santa Maria of the Angels (which Michelangelo built in what had been the *tepidarium*, the hot bath), but also the larger part of the National Museum of Antiquities. When Diocletian began their construction in 303 he was an old man, and he wanted an appropriate monument for the coming twentieth anniversary of his accession. Such a monument had to be gigantic, megalomaniac, and it had to be in Rome, the 'eternal city' of the pagans which even the Christians looked to as 'that city which still sustains all things', the 'capital of the world' (in Lactantius's words). Yet, astonishing as it may seem, the 'capital of the world' was no longer the real capital of the empire. Diocletian's visit to Rome in 303 was apparently either the first or the second in his life: for almost twenty years the man who ruled the empire and rescued it from chaos had not set foot in Rome. And when he abdicated, in 305, it was not to Rome that he retired but to his native Dalmatia, there to build a great palace modelled on an army camp, with an area of seven acres.

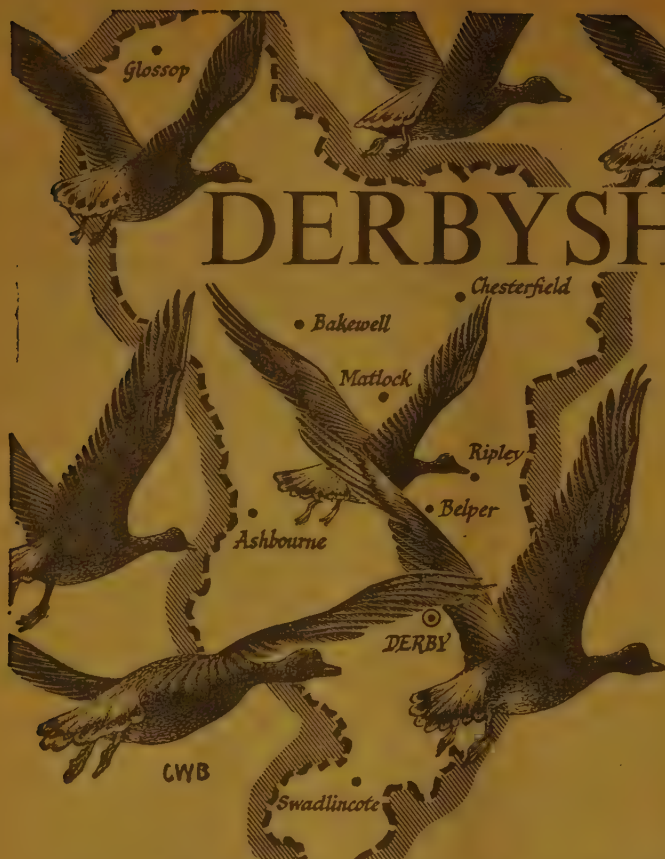
The emperor's 'capital' moved with him and his huge retinue, both civilian and military, constantly and restlessly—usually in the Danubian and eastern regions of the empire. His favoured centre was Nicomedia in Anatolia, the city in which he was first acclaimed emperor. It was possible for him to stay so far in the east because in his early reorganization of the administrative system Diocletian had appointed a co-emperor; not his equal in power or authority, but an emperor nevertheless.

This second Augustus, an old Illyrian comrade-in-arms named Maximian, administered the west. He too was mobile; in so far as he had a capital it was not Rome either, but Milan. Then, in 293, Diocletian provided Maximian and himself each with a deputy, called Caesar, to help with the government and the army, and at the same time to prepare for eventual succession to the throne.

The paradox is that by thus splitting up the imperial administration Diocletian saved the empire. Conspiracies against the emperor were as old as the empire itself, but never before had there been anything like the half-century which preceded Diocletian's accession. Between 235 and 284 there were no fewer than twenty Roman emperors formally sanctioned by the Senate. Another twenty or more claimed the title with the backing of an army, and countless others aspired to the claim. These men fought each other and killed each other off at great speed. Diocletian's accession looked like one more such



Part of the baths of Diocletian in Rome



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episode, yet in the end he reigned for two decades, and, more remarkable, he lived on after his retirement for another ten or eleven years. To achieve this, he also had to survive heavy external pressure all along the borders. A mere list of the peoples with whom he and his associates were engaged in perpetual, and often major, warfare tells the story—Franks, Alemanni, Goths, Sarmatians, Saracens, Persians, and many more. Frontier defence and frontier wars were chronic problems in Roman history, but now they had reached flood-tide, all the more threatening because of their conjunction with the massive internal disorders. The combination had brought the Roman world into a frightful mess: farms pillaged and abandoned, widespread banditry, plague and great losses in manpower, depreciation of the coinage to virtual worthlessness, breakdown in the administrative machinery and in public morality, and an army which was irresponsible, brutal, and uncontrollable.

Simple Realism

The secret of Diocletian's survival lay in his simple realism. He accepted the Roman world as it was, he reduced its problems to their simplest possible terms, and he made simple solutions, applied with untiring energy, great attention to detail, and total ruthlessness. The army was the key; therefore he enlarged it, re-organized it, improved the pay and promotion system, and subordinated everything to its needs. To supply the army's food, clothing, weapons, and transport, he vastly extended the system of compulsory contributions in kind, embracing the majority of the population of the empire. Then, to keep that system going, he virtually bound people to their farms and their towns, and he greatly enlarged and articulated the civil bureaucracy which had charge of the innumerable operations in which the state was now directly involved. In its details the total system was very complex, but in its principles nothing could be simpler.

There was no deep theory behind Diocletian's programme, no ideology other than the very elementary one of demanding that all activity be controlled by and dedicated to the needs of the state, as determined by himself, the autocratic ruler, the *dominus* with unbounded authority. Thus, when he saw that the runaway inflation, which had been in process for many years, continued unchecked by his currency reforms, he tried to stop it by decree. The edict of maximum prices and wages of A.D. 301 is absolutely typical both in its simplicity of conception and in the great care with which the details were attended to. The edict covered everything—from partridges to pocket handkerchiefs, and the penalty announced for violation was death for both the buyer and the seller.

The edict failed to hold prices, and apparently it was soon allowed to die quietly. But we have little evidence about its working, precisely because it was not very important. Diocletian had no economic theory of money and price. He simply did not like what was happening in this sphere, and so he intervened, as he did in every other sphere. This intervention was not successful, but the whole problem was peripheral, since the essential needs of the army and the state were largely satisfied by direct procurement of the goods and services rather than by purchase. When the edict failed, therefore, some people were hurt, but the state and the army went right on, and since no theory was at stake, there was no need to make a fundamental re-study.

Persecution of the Christians

Another failure was the persecution of the Christians. Here there seems not to have been a political issue, as there had been in earlier persecutions. Christians held public office, they were as loyal (or as indifferent) to the state as any other group, there was no great popular demand to crush them, to make them scapegoats for pestilence and famine; in short, there was no visible social or political reason for Diocletian, almost at the end of his reign, suddenly to try to wipe their religion out. Why did he do so? Lactantius tells us in some detail. One day, he relates, when Diocletian was performing a sacrifice, some of his Christian attendants made the sign of the cross, thereby driving away the demons and spoiling the pagan rites. Diocletian lost his temper, and goaded by Caesar, the half-barbarian Galerius, he issued the first of a series of edicts bringing about the 'Great Persecu-

tion'. The rest of Lactantius's story is a complicated one, but it is clear that, in his view, the main villain was Galerius rather than Diocletian, and that the motivation lay in pagan piety, coupled with the fury of an autocrat at being flouted—nothing more subtle or complex than that.

The Christians triumphed over Diocletian and Galerius and they never forgave either emperor: Diocletian is most often remembered for his persecution. But from the view-point of imperial history that is out of proportion. Neither to the emperor nor to the empire did this episode loom so large. Diocletian went about the persecution with his usual energy and attention to detail, but with less than his usual ruthlessness. I do not wish to underestimate the suffering of the Christian communities, but I do want to get the picture right in its political aspects, as distinct from the moral issues. Whatever else Diocletian may have been, he was not a squeamish man. Nor was this a gentle age. It is significant, therefore, that the number of authentic martyrs in this persecution was very small. This can only mean that, strongly as the autocrat may have felt about the interference in his traditional pagan rites and about the flouting of his will, he never saw in Christianity any threat to his imperial system or power. Furthermore, the failure of the persecution had no important *political* consequences, not even ideologically. The emperor's absolutism remained unchallenged, including his right to determine by decree and penalty the beliefs of his subjects. What Diocletian failed to do, his Christian successors accomplished in reverse. They soon wiped paganism out, by methods no less intolerant and brutal.

Moral Judgments and Practical Judgments

Religious intolerance and persecution are wicked and ugly. There is no need to argue that, but it does not follow that they are necessarily doomed to fail, or even to react on the persecutors, at least not in the practical affairs of this life. In another vein, bureaucracy is without a doubt subject to Parkinson's law. But it does not follow that a bureaucratic administration cannot function or accomplish the goals set for it. Yet these are precisely the false inferences which clutter up so much of the thinking and writing about Diocletian. Modern values and moral judgments are confused with practical judgments. The plain fact about Diocletian's reign, whether we like it or not, is that it was a great success. He saved the Roman empire, so completely that in the east it lived on, much along the lines he laid down, for more than a thousand years—for Diocletian may properly be called the first Byzantine emperor. How many states in history have had a longer life?

Admitting this, some historians go on to say, with the late Professor Tenney Frank, that 'the state which Diocletian saved lived under such conditions that it is questionable whether it was worth saving'. I completely agree that Diocletian's world was an appalling one. It was shot through with brutality: again I call Lactantius to witness, not for the opposition but in self-incrimination. I have read nothing more disgusting than his long, detailed and complacent description of Galerius's slow, agonizing death from some loathsome disease. It was a world without freedom, without creativity, and without hope: men looked for salvation in the after-life, not here on earth. It was a world of mass servitude alongside outrageous wealth, of bombast and ignorance and dreadful superstition.

It is a mistake, however, to hold Diocletian responsible, except negatively. He had no revolutionary innovations, he merely accepted Roman society and Roman values as they stood in his time, and he made the most of their possibilities. Brutality had been an essential structural feature of Roman society for hundreds of years. 'Bread and circuses' go back to the Republican period, and Mr. Brunt* has reminded us that 'circuses' is a euphemism. The star performer was not the clown but the gladiator and the uncaged wild beast. The population assembled in the amphitheatres for the pleasure of watching wholesale murder. A political policy of calculated frightfulness also went back centuries: witness the destruction of Carthage and Corinth in 146 B.C., the proscriptions of Sulla, or the 6,000 slaves who were crucified on the length of road from Capua to Rome after the defeat of Spartacus. Diocletian's passion for megalomaniac buildings, to take

(concluded on page 474)

* In his talk on the Emperor Marcus Aurelius, THE LISTENER, March 3

Henry Moore on Sculpture

Part of an interview 'Face to Face' with JOHN FREEMAN

John Freeman: Mr. Moore, you are now one of the most eminent of living sculptors; some people would say the most eminent of all. I want you to cast your mind right back and tell me when it first occurred to you that you would like to be a sculptor?

Henry Moore: I think I was probably about eleven. I remember quite clearly the instant. As a boy, at school, I liked the art lessons, I liked drawing; I used to get my elder brother to draw horses for me and so on from as early as I can remember, but the little incident that clinches the thing in my mind was this. Our parents used to send me and my younger sister to Sunday school on Sunday afternoons—to get rid of us, I think mainly—and the Sunday school we went to was a Congregational chapel although we were Church of England, and the superintendent every Sunday used to give a talk with some little moral. One Sunday he told us about Michelangelo carving the head of an old faun in his studio in the streets of Florence, and that a passer-by who stood watching Michelangelo said after two or three minutes: 'But an old faun wouldn't have all its teeth in'. Michelangelo, said the superintendent, immediately took his chisel and knocked out two of the teeth—and there, he said, was a great man listening to the advice of other people even though he didn't know them.

Freeman: What is your earliest memory of seeing sculpture?

Moore: I remember a church at Methley, about two miles from our home—a Gothic church, I think, between 1300 and 1400. I drew the sculptures there as a little boy of nine or ten and always looked at them when I had to pass the church in visiting my aunt.

Freeman: What about your first serious lessons in art? When did they take place?

Moore: The first serious lessons, I think, were when I went to grammar school. It was a co-educational grammar school and we had an art teacher, a Miss Gostick, who was half French, and she was wonderfully enthusiastic about the art lessons. Most of the boys and girls did not seem to care about it, but I found it was the one lesson of the week that I looked forward to. She was wonderfully helpful in asking one to tea every Sunday; she showed me copies of *Colour* magazine and so on—in fact, I owe a great deal to her enthusiasm.

Freeman: Your father was a miner, wasn't he?

Moore: Yes. When I came to want to be an artist, my father said: 'First become qualified as a teacher, like your brother and sisters have done, and then change to art if you wish. I mean, be sure that you have some living in your hand'. This was intelligent and sensible, but by the time I got to that age I knew that I was not going to be a teacher, that I was going to study art.

Freeman: How did that happen?

Moore: Again Miss Gostick was a tremendous help. She knew

that there were scholarships to be won, to Leeds School of Art, and she had me entered for them when I was about seventeen. But the war came along and I joined up at eighteen. Then, when I came out of the army at twenty, I had an army grant, and went straight to Leeds School of Art.

Freeman: And was the grant enough to keep you going?

Moore: The grant was about £80 a year and in those days that was plenty, yes.

Freeman: Where could one now find your first publicly commissioned work?



Henry Moore being interviewed by John Freeman on February 21

Moore: The first commission that I did was a figure on the Underground building, St. James's. The architect was Charles Holden who, in fact, became the architect for most of the Underground stations of London, and he asked me to do this. At that time I didn't want to do any commissions. I had the feeling that architectural sculpture was bad and I thought that it stopped a sculptor from developing in his own way. However, Charles Holden behaved like a father to me and after a lot of persuasion got me to do it. It was at the time that Epstein was doing two figures down below, and Eric Gill was carving another of the reliefs.

Freeman: Is there anything in your Yorkshire village which dates from your very early period?

Moore: There were two other boys at the school who ran neck and neck with me for favour with the art mistress, Miss Gostick, and we were given in turn the jobs of designing the school programme for the school concert, or the scenery; and there came a time, when the first world war began—I was still only about fifteen—when it was decided to have a school roll of honour for the old students who were joining up. I carved a scroll and a little scene on the top of it. This was the first real start of my proper carving career.

Freeman: And that is still there?

Moore: That, I believe, is still there.

Freeman: I would like to ask you a little about the economics of a sculptor's life—not so much your own personal finances, as how a young sculptor manages: because before you carve a great piece of stone presumably you have to buy it. How is this done?

Moore: A sculptor is handicapped economically, and young sculptors cannot get their work cast into bronze. Bronze casting is an expensive thing. In my case I used to go round to the stone-masons' yards and take odd bits which had been knocked off other pieces—random blocks, they are called—and these I would store in my studio. Then as one got an idea that fitted one particular piece, one could use it. I still have a lot of the pieces that I gathered then, which did not fit any idea; but in that way one got material cheaply.

Freeman: What is the sort of price you have to pay for one of these huge blocks of stone that you chip away?

Moore: The stone for the Unesco sculpture was over £3,000, but that was a huge carving, much bigger than anything I have ever done or ever will do again. Marble can be anything between £5 and £6 a cubic foot, and it soon mounts up if you have two by four by four. I have had young sculptors who have stopped working because they could not afford the price of a bag of plaster, which is only fifteen shillings.

Freeman: Then the cost of transportation presumably also is heavy, isn't it?

Moore: The transport, again, is a problem. One figure of mine, a reclining stone figure which was the biggest I had done up to then, almost made one bankrupt sending it out to exhibitions and paying for the transport to get it back.

Freeman: What sort of date was that?

Moore: That was 1931. Sending this to, say, a London Group exhibition or to the Leicester Galleries or to some mixed exhibition might cost £7 to £10, and this would be a big amount out of one's income.

Freeman: Do you have to search far and wide to find the materials that you want to work on?

Moore: Not nowadays. I did to begin with. I made a point in the early stages of trying to find as many different English stones which could be carved as possible. I wanted to know about English stones and I think I did discover some eight or nine which ordinarily have not been used for carving, but which I think are fine stones for this purpose.

Freeman: I take it that nowadays you are fully occupied with the commissions you have?

Moore: No, not at all. I hate commissions. I perhaps have done only three what one would call commissions in my life. For many other things which might seem to be commissions the work was already done, and then was bought to put into some particular place. For instance, the three figures in Battersea Park were already half done before the Contemporary Arts Society decided to buy them. For me, commissions inhibit one. I much prefer someone to come along and find that what I am doing will suit some particular purpose and use it in that way.

Freeman: Do you find, as other great sculptors have done in the past, that you can make use of assistance to do some of the rough work before you start in on a piece of stone yourself?

Moore: Oh yes. I do now. I have one full-time assistant and two other young sculptors who come part of their time. To begin with I was entirely alone, but after one has learnt all the things



'Mother and Child', by Henry Moore: Honiton stone, 1924-25

Collection: Manchester City Art Gallery

one needs to know about actually doing a job oneself, there are many things in sculpture which are purely straightforward, intelligent work in which someone can help you.

Freeman: These assistants are young people, are they, who are learning?

Moore: They are mainly young sculptors who have done four or five years already in schools of art—sometimes even longer—and who then ask to come to me. Some come for three months and stay three years, some come for six months and stay a year, and so on.

Freeman: You live here in a very English village, and your work must be very different from anybody else who lives hereabout. Do they think of you as an extraordinary local figure and appreciate your work, or do they regard you just as an eccentric?

Moore: I hope that they just accept me as someone who works.

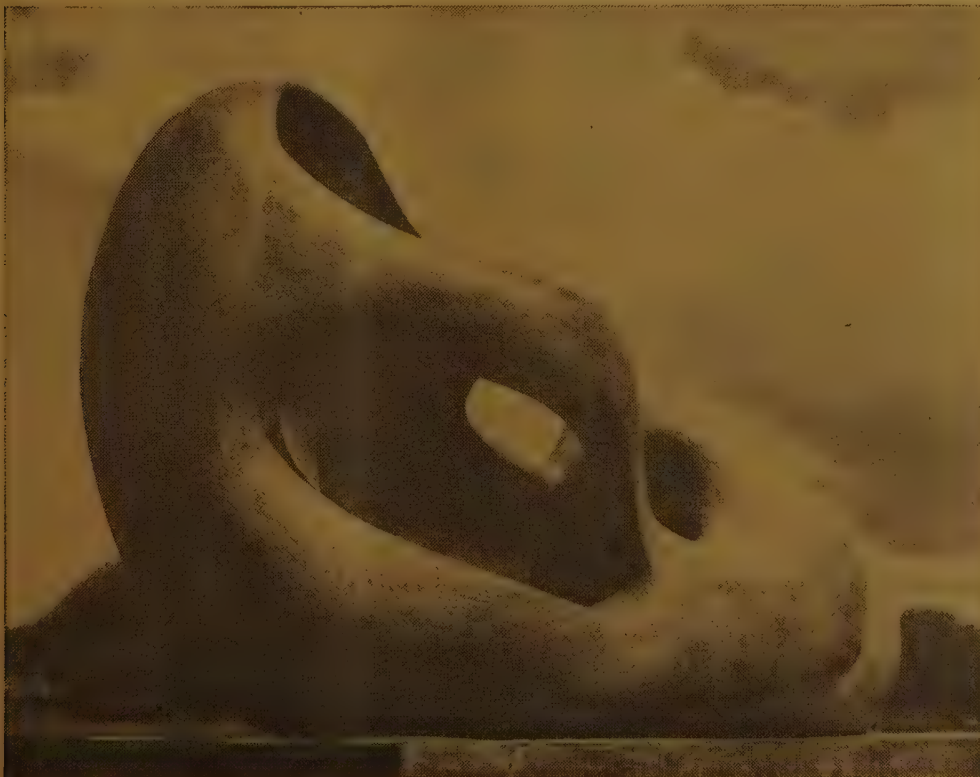
Freeman: Have you ever been put off at any time in your career by the really vicious public outcry which the work of sculptors sometimes attracts?

Moore: No. There was one outcry against my first exhibition at the Leicester Galleries, a criticism that appeared in what was then the *Morning Post*. This said that it was wrong for someone like me to be teaching the young. It could have meant losing one's livelihood, and for a short time I was rather upset by this.

Freeman: But you have learnt to ignore the violent stuff?

Moore: Yes.

Freeman: I was not thinking so much about the press. Have you



'Reclining Figure' (interior and exterior form), by Henry Moore: bronze 1953-54

Photograph: Lidbrooks

ever had your work tarred and feathered, as Epstein had?

Moore: Oh, yes. Recently, I think in Germany, it happened. This is just the work of silly hooligans; and often it is better that no fuss should be made of it. Even if something does happen and the press rings me up, I pretend I do not know about it. That is the best way to deal with it.

Significant Holes

Freeman: I would like to ask you what it is that you have tried to express in your work. I suppose most people, thinking of your sculpture, would instantly think of a large piece of stone with a hole in it. What is this great emphasis you have placed on the making of holes in stone?

Moore: It was merely a logical development, in my case, a furthering of one's attempt to understand form, which is what a sculptor's life is built around, to try to know what actual, three-dimensional reality is like. And this is not easy to know. Here is something which you have to do by steps and stages, and one of the steps and stages in my attempt to understand what three-dimensional form is, is to try to know what the back of a thing is like when you are looking at the front of it—to try to know, if I am looking at you now, what shape your head displaces in space, and just what sort of angle it is at with your body. I found that in the attempt to penetrate from one side of a sculptured stone to the other, by making a hole, as it were, immediately when you see this side it makes you guess what the other side is like. Often the other side is different, but you do have this connexion. Also, too, in my case the hole became as important, as a shape, as the actual material that surrounded it. It is merely that the holes were an attempt to understand form.

Freeman: You have also come again and again to the reclining figure throughout your career. What is the particular significance of that?

Moore: This I wouldn't know. I know that it is a subject which, for me, is unending and that if I had five lifetimes I would not exhaust the possibilities in this theme. It may be that it also connects the human figure with landscape more easily than a standing figure could; landscape is one of my great obsessions, besides the human figure, and I think it is a way of the two being amalgamated.

Freeman: The sculptor otherwise being somewhat divorced from landscape, unless he can find an approach to it by some means of this kind?

Moore: Ordinarily it has been thought that landscape was a painter's obsession but I have found that landscape has a tremendous interest for me wherever I go.

Small, Important Heads

Freeman: It often seems, looking at your work, that you will carve the body perhaps of a reclining figure or of a standing figure, in massive proportions and then you will somehow distort it by putting a very small and misshapen head on top. This again is a recurring theme. Why?

Moore: Yes, I think I know what you mean. Some people have asked why I make the heads so unimportant. Actually, for me the head is the most important part of a piece of sculpture. It gives to the rest a scale, a certain human poise and meaning; and it is because I think that the head is so important that often I reduce it in size to make the rest more monumental. It is a thing that anyhow was done in the past. The heads of Michelangelo's figures will sometimes go, instead of the usual six and a half, which is the average, twelve times into the length of the body. It is a recognized thing.

Freeman: You seem to me to have two different moods. Sometimes you carve or mould these great massive and, in human terms, somewhat distorted figures, and on other occasions you do work which is frankly humanist, such as for instance the Madonna and Child at Northampton. Is there some totally different feeling in your own mind when you approach these two different kinds of work?

Moore: Yes, in a way there is. Sometimes I do do things which are more tender in their point of view, in their expression of the human figure; but other times, mostly, it is a power—what appealed to me as a young man about Mexican sculpture was its

terrific strength, its stony tension and vitality; and this is really the ideal that I have in sculpture. But at the same time I think that every person's nature has to have both sides even to appreciate one side. One gets this in Blake: the really tough, Nebuchadnezzar kind of figures, and the fairy-like, spring-like ones, illustrating his *Songs of Innocence*.

Freeman: Reflecting on these opposites, do you find that you can work on both kinds simultaneously? Because after all, the period of gestation for these things is long and you presumably change mood while you are at work on them?

Moore: Yes, I think one can. I see no reason why an artist should not draw his young daughter in the morning from life and appreciate that, and in the afternoon, if he wishes, be carving a monumental stone sculpture. It is not difficult to change one's mood or one's attitude.

Freeman: Many modern artists—and you certainly—have been clearly out of touch with the ordinary popular public mood for most of your working career. Is your work therefore a form of escapism, or is it perhaps an expression of despair with the state of the world, or is it even some secret joy of your own?

Moore: I have never worried much about what one might call the communication between the artist and the general public. I have believed that the average person will learn to appreciate sculpture or painting if he is only given the chance, and it seems to me silly for a sculptor to expect the average person, who perhaps has never been to the British Museum, or never seen a real piece of sculpture in his life, immediately to understand what he is trying to do. In the future, an improvement will perhaps come about through the average person having more chance to see sculpture.—From a programme in B.B.C. television

In the Uplands

I could imagine settling in this place
where so much has been settled for so long
by our mean diurnal time; although
really the uplands are unstable, and among

scarred rocks the soil changes its nature
slowly: woodland gives place to bog: the heather moor
provides a living for red grouse and guns
where a different climate from now may be in store.

Here the weather, lived close to like a wife,
is not that topic of small talk in towns,
but tells the fortunes of the fellside farms
in drought, in frost, in windy rain that drowns

precarious fields that hang between stone walls
and spare, vestigial trees. Everywhere
lies near the edge, and I can climb as close
to space and sky as birds are really there.

Indoors, safe from so wide a wonder, I look
at a different strangeness where a sheet of grass
falls from the clouds and filters through the room
the green that's lodged against the window glass.

I could return here, then: to mourn the death
of the forest, or take the infrequent local train
through the bleak sunlight, always a little farther
north; or in the falls of grey-green rain

discover how an underwater light
invades the knotted roughness of the land
that owes its debt of quietness to the weather
and stones and grasses that can take a stand.

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B.B.C. NEWS HEADLINES

March 2—8

Wednesday, March 2

Britain offers £10,000 to help in the relief of the Moroccan town of Agadir, destroyed by an earthquake. Medical supplies and emergency equipment are sent from many countries

Nato to set up a mobile task force

Mr. Macleod, the Colonial Secretary, is to visit the Federation of Rhodesia and Nyasaland later this month

Thursday, March 3

More details of the proposed radar station in Yorkshire for giving an early warning of missiles are announced by the Secretary of State for Air

First day of polling at Oxford University to elect a new Chancellor

Friday, March 4

The Guillebaud Report on railwaymen's pay is published. It recommends increases ranging from 12s. to 21s. a week.

A blizzard sweeping the Atlantic seaboard of the United States is reported to have caused the deaths of 150 people. Fourteen inches of snow fall in New York

Ninety people are killed and 300 injured when a French ammunition ship explodes in Havana

Saturday, March 5

Mr. Khrushchev returns to Moscow from his Asian tour

Three Arabs are reported to have been killed in another clash on the borders of Israel and Egypt

Sunday, March 6

Dr. Nkrumah, on the third anniversary of Ghana's independence, broadcasts details of a plan for making the country a republic

The Transport Salaried-Staffs Association welcomes the findings of the Guillebaud report on railwaymen's pay

Monday, March 7

The United States protests to Cuba about the charge made by Dr. Fidel Castro that America was implicated in the explosion of the ship at Havana

The report is published of an official inquiry into the safety of oil heaters. Statements are made in both Houses of Parliament

H. M. Wraight, a former R.A.F. officer, is charged under the Official Secrets Act with giving information to Russia

Tuesday, March 8

The Administration of Justice Bill, a Government measure to remedy defects in the law of contempt of court, is published

The Associated Society of Locomotive Engineers and Firemen asks that the wage increases proposed by the Guillebaud Committee should be back-dated by a year and a half



Sir Maurice Bowra, Warden of Wadham College and acting Vice-Chancellor of Oxford University, walking in procession to the Divinity School to preside over a session of the poll in last week's election for the office of Chancellor—the first contested one for thirty-five years. Mr. Harold Macmillan, the Prime Minister, was elected by a majority of 279 votes over his opponent Sir Oliver Franks



The new Kingsferry road and rail bridge connecting the Isle of Sheppey, Kent, with the mainland, was opened to motor traffic last week. The central towers of it are seen above the old bridge. A vertical lifting span provides a ninety-foot-wide opening for shipping



Winter sports organized by day. The snow



Winter sports organized by day. The snow



Rescue workers digging last week in the ruins of Agadir, the Moroccan holiday resort which was destroyed by an earthquake on March 1. It is estimated that 12,000 people lost their lives. *Above right:* spraying the ruins with disinfectant to check the spread of disease



The Duke of Edinburgh, Colonel of the Welsh Guards, has a leek fixed to his head-dress during the parade held by the regiment at Pirbright Camp, Brookwood, Surrey, to mark St. David's Day on March 1



Alicia Markova performing *Radha Krishna*, a traditional Indian love poem, with Ram Gopal whose company of Indian dancers opened at Prince's Theatre, London, this week



The first guanaco (a species of llama from South America) to be born at Whippsnade. He has been called Prince as he was born on the same day as the royal baby

competitor taking part in a ski-jumping contest in university students at Reddish Vale last Sunday. The students were brought from Scotland in refrigerated vans

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Candlelight Evening

An elegy by HEINZ HUBER, translated by Christopher Holme

ONE should never be untrue to one's principles. No good ever comes of it. I hadn't wanted to go at all. Such functions do not suit me. But then after all I let myself be persuaded, and booked a table. It was advertised in the hall of the hotel 'candlelight evening', with increased prices, no compulsory, and a dark suit—the sort of thing that is evidently quite in keeping with the sort of place that Kaltern now is.

One who has grown up in the mountains like myself can only deplore what has happened to Kaltern. For years I have been going there for my holidays, but in the past few seasons it has become more and more invaded by tourists, in technical jargon, 'developed'. I've got the mountains in my blood. By the time I was grown up, the loneliness of the heights and the quiet of the snows had become so much part of me that, when the hazards of later life had long since carried me off to the plains of the plain, I was again drawn back to them. I'm not as young as I was, but when the mountains once get hold of a man they never let him go.

For fourteen years I've been in Kaltern every winter, and I know what I'm saying when I say Kaltern is no longer what it was. I am aware, of course, that that doesn't apply only to Kaltern. Everything is no longer what it is, not only the times, but we ourselves. We must accept it.

In times past, things were different, even in Kaltern. There were no bus routes then, no mountain railways and funiculars, no chair-lifts and ski lifts. In those days you had to go to your peak or hut on foot, by the power of your own muscles, and the consequence was that nobody went in for winter sports unless they were really dedicated to the mountains and were still capable of the great simple thoughts. Kaltern in those days was still a mountain village remote from the world, with a church, no inns, a saw-mill, and a first-aid post. The peasants, some 360 souls, lived as their ancestors had done for centuries, by crop and cattle farming, especially cattle. They ate with wooden spoons from a great brass pan, and married mostly among themselves—which gave rise to a certain number of deformities among their offspring—but otherwise they were a healthy lot, and their valley was a paradise for anyone seeking solitude and peace. But where will you find such people nowadays?

Meanwhile Kaltern has become an internationally popular winter sports resort, with the reputation of being not only wickedly expensive and therefore overrun but quite simply wicked and therefore all the more overrun.

Goodness knows I'm no prude—I was in Kaltern, after all, during the war and saw some

things there, I can tell you—before the Allied invasion, I mean—but what goes on in places like Kaltern during the season is too much even for me.

Even in the day-time the little main street, once so peaceful, is now more like a bazaar or worse. Souvenir shops alternate with delicatessen shops, fashion parlours with hairdressing saloons, and between every two shops a tea-room, a bar, and a dance-café. But how deceptively innocent such everyday names can sound! If you want to know what this inferno is really



like, you must experience Kaltern by night—at a 'candlelight evening', for instance.

Don't misunderstand me—like any true nature-lover I've nothing against a little fun and jollity, and I fully sympathize with anyone who wants to kick over the traces occasionally. A man must have his fling, that's how I see it, but all at the proper time and in due proportion. There are limits after all, and we overstep them at our peril. This has nothing to do with morality as commonly understood, which I myself find rather out of date nowadays. One doesn't have to be a prig to recognize or at least show respect for certain principles and rules of decency and good sense.

Above all, let's be clear that there's nothing heart-felt or genuine about this sort of amusement; it's just commercialized entertainment for the masses. It's the masses who pay the piper nowadays. Counterfeit, that's the word, counterfeit. It reaches the point where anyone with a particle of self-respect must draw the line. I for my part am now truly sorry that I didn't follow instinct and stay away from that 'candlelight evening'. But who can boast that he never has a weak moment and is never tempted to hunt with the pack? The important thing is to have the strength to learn from such experiences. That evening will certainly be a lesson to me. In future I'll be true to my self-imposed rule.

It began with the maître d'hôtel—what we used to call head waiter in simpler times—putting two more people at my table because every other place was fully booked.

They were a gentleman and a lady. He, a small fat man with a red face and greying temples, warmly offered me his hand. 'My name is Rudi', he said. Later in the evening it turned out that his real name was Hermann.

'And this is my wife Ingeborg', said Rudi who was really called Hermann, introducing his attractive companion. She was actually wearing a wedding ring, I noticed, and on the correct finger too.

'Good evening', I said.

'Splendid', said Rudi, 'let's sit down. What shall we drink?'

The waiter stopped distributing white candles about the tables and putting wire-stemmed balloons in the vases, and laid before us a great leather folder with a coat of arms stamped on the front.

'I'll have a small beer for a start', said Rudi.

'Beer makes you sleepy', I said—it really does, you know—'If I were you I'd have a white wine and soda'.

'You don't know your Uncle Rudi', said Rudi cheerfully and ordered a beer.

'Then we two must save the honour of the table', I said to Frau Ingeborg.

'I'm having a beer', she said, and looked over the tables with their bunches of carnations, balloons, and candles, across the room which was gradually filling up with evening frocks and dark suits. At every occupied table the waiter lighted the candles. Well, yes, in those never-to-be-recalled years of our youth we too lit candles once, but with numbed fingers in icy huts. And when the faggots on the hearth had given out a bit of warmth and cheer, we sang simple songs, songs of pain and happiness, mostly to a guitar, a real one, not an electric affair as at the hotel that evening.

One of the band screwed a tiny microphone on to a thin rod and blew into it—to try it out, I imagine. His breath was amplified by the loudspeakers and sounded all round the room. Thereupon the ladies all, as if at a pre-arranged signal, let their furs or their stoles slip off their shoulders, the first bottles were plunged in the snow-filled wine-coolers, and all the candles were alight.

'Here's luck', said Rudi, raising the silver tankard. 'Thirst is worse than home-sickness. Cheers!'

'Yes', said Frau Ingeborg, 'there's nothing worse than thirst'. Then we drank to one another, while the music struck up and the electric lighting was dimmed a point.

'Later they put out the light altogether', said Rudi.

'A good thing we've got the candles', I said.

'You can blow them out', said Frau Ingeborg. 'It's quite simple'.

Careful, I said to myself, have to look out for her. And later events were to show how right I was. I think I can say I know a good deal about women.

'Now I'd like some wine', said Frau Ingeborg.

'Your wishes shall be law', I said and ordered a bottle of Moselle, just about within my means, though quite expensive enough. But I don't like cheese-paring. In for a penny, in for a pound.

'Well, here's to the ladies', said Rudi, and kissed Frau Ingeborg's hand. She smiled affectionately down at his round head with the silvered temples, and I thought, they really don't belong together at all. It's no business of mine, but I don't understand what this woman sees in this little fat man twice her age. Still, that's human nature, I know women.

* * *

At the neighbouring tables the first couples were returning from the dance floor. In one corner there was a sharp pop, followed by loud laughter. An elderly gentleman with a lighted cigarette had burst the first balloon. It worked like a starting pistol, and merriment broke out on all sides. Everyone was dancing.

Frau Ingeborg was dancing seriously, coolly, elegantly, with the rotund Rudi, who was wriggling very creditably through a calypso or a mamba. I can't tell one of these dances from another, even though I dance them quite passably myself. I had found myself a partner, a girl from the next-door table—it's no odds, after all, who one dances with—and she chattered away about a lot of things I didn't want to know, that she had a man friend and her parents were against it and she'd broken it off with him, because no good would ever come of it, but she was still fond of him—the usual stuff. Rudi and Frau Ingeborg danced past us—she was smiling at him as if they were an old married couple. Yet she was certainly the wife of someone else.

I handed the young lady who was still in love with her Michael back to the two Italians she was sitting with, drew my own conclusions, and returned to my table. The waiter had filled the wine-coolers with fresh snow and emptied the ash-trays. Rudi by now was drinking beer mixed with champagne. Frau Ingeborg and I stuck to our Moselle.

* * *

The next dance was a slow one. Rudi took on the young thing from the next table while Frau Ingeborg danced with one of the two Italians. I remained sitting alone and watched them. Frau Ingeborg was dancing quite differently this time, very erotically, I should say, and absolutely threw herself at the Italian, a good-looking man incidentally, in a passionate sort of way that I can only call shameless. She probably knew no Italian and he barely a smattering of German. All attempt at conversation was soon given up and after a few slow turns round the room they simply came to a stop in the middle of the dance floor and went into a long kiss lasting about three revolutions. The worst of it was that apart from me not a single soul in the whole crowd seemed to take it at all amiss.

Let me repeat, I'm not taking up an old-fashioned moral attitude. Times change and we

change with them. But what I cannot and never shall be able to understand is how anyone can get so carried away.

* * *

They came back to the table. Rudi round, red-faced, apparently enjoying himself, clinked glasses with Frau Ingeborg, and they looked one another in the eyes with the familiarity of an old married couple. The waiter served paper snakes and paper snow-balls; revelry broke loose. The light was dimmed one mere point. The hotel manager was dancing solo among the tables with a none too attractive girl who Rudi maintained was one of the three 'hostesses' employed by the hotel.

'What of it?' said Frau Ingeborg.

From every table the paper snakes shot out like misfiring rockets and made pointless contacts. Paper snowballs were aimed at champagne glasses, candles, and the backs of heads.

The evening was beginning to bore me. I was already considering going home to bed, because I had planned to begin a longish tour on the following day, taking in three mountain huts. Then the loudspeaker announced 'ladies' choice' and Frau Ingeborg dragged me out on to the floor. What was I to do?

* * *

I'm glad to say she didn't dance quite as she had done with the Italian, but all the same . . . Suddenly she said: 'Darling, are you happy in your marriage?' First of all I said: 'How so?', and then I told her the truth, that I wasn't married.

'If you're not married, darling, you easily could be', she said. 'There are men who look like husbands even when they're unmarried—that remark's not my own, by the way—and there are men who never look like husbands, even when they are married. And those are the only ones a woman should marry. This time that was my own. Unfortunately one never gets the second kind, only the born husbands'.

'Yes, yes', I said, 'that's how it is. What one wants, one doesn't get, and what one gets, one doesn't want'.

'Well, just look at that now', said Frau Ingeborg with a mocking smile at the corners of her mouth which could have unsettled a man less assured than myself. 'You're not such a fool as you look, are you, darling?'

'Thanks for the compliment', I said.

We then refrained from any further meaningless dance-floor conversation until suddenly Frau Ingeborg said: 'With Rudi it's quite different. He looks like a good husband and would certainly make one, but I can't have him. And he's the only one I'm in love with'.

What can one reply to such embarrassing confidences? I was going to tell her that was all nonsense and there were enough men running round loose and she didn't really love this Rudi at all, and then to my relief the dance was at an end and I didn't have to make any further effort.

* * *

Today I ask myself if it wouldn't have been better to have it all out with her on that evening. I'm sure I could have convinced her and made her see reason, even though she was a bit twisted up in herself. I really think all she needed was a proper man in her bed.

Rudi ordered brandy. 'I come here every year', he said. 'It's my sixth winter. Nice little

girl you've found there at the next table. Hoping'.

I protested, but Rudi waved me aside. 'Don't tell me. And why should you not? Why, if I were to tell you the women I've slept this trip—you wouldn't believe—in the middle of the afternoon sometimes—'

The band was playing a march and dancers formed themselves into a long centipede which began to wind around the room, and the light went out entirely, all except for candles.

'To him that hath, then', I said, raising my glass.

'No, no', said Rudi, 'not what you think. You've got it quite wrong. You'll laugh when I tell you'.

'I never thought you were married, if that's what you mean. But you always go around this Frau Ingeborg, don't you?'

'Six years I've been going around with every winter. Yes, well, but—it's no good for her. Not for me. Can't explain it. With her never. Believe it or not'.

I didn't believe it, of course.

'You ought to come and visit me at home some time', Rudi continued. 'Look at my apartment, all mod. con., everything you need, including a housekeeper—slept with her, of course'.

The band was playing the song of the centipede and everybody sang as the centipede stamped swaying round among the tables.

'Getting married this summer. About time you got settled. But Inge's a wonderful person, you know. Been married eight years, to an architect'.

The centipede stamped around the room and they were all singing 'Cold blows the wind from yon mountains. . .'

'She can't have children', said Frau Ingeborg. 'They're thinking of adopting one'.

'That would be a sensible solution', I said.

'Yes', said Rudi, 'that's what they ought to do'. He ordered another brandy and began to sing over again: 'Yes, she's a woman to rave about, but go to bed with her—no, can't be done. Can't tell you why. Let's have another drink'.

* * *

Finally the march songs were at an end, the centipede broke up into waltzing couples and the whole room shook as everybody sang:

Drive away trouble, drive away care,
Make your life easy to bear.

The climax of the evening had been reached—and passed.

I had had about enough of all the noise of the party talk and the alcohol—I wasn't used to it. I was fed up with my wasted evening and glad when Frau Ingeborg said she wanted to go home, and Rudi said tomorrow was the last day of his holiday. Then we fetched our overcoats from the cloakroom and said goodbye, Rudi adding: 'Till this time next year!' and the two of them were lost to view between the frozen banks of snow on either side of the street.

I went a few steps further down to the end of the sleeping hamlet. What a blessing was the cold, clear night air after all that counted jollity! The mountain peaks glittered in the moonlight over the snow-covered valley, eternal witnesses of a truth, beauty, grandeur which it would be vain to look for in the human race of today.

When I got back to the hotel, the waiter



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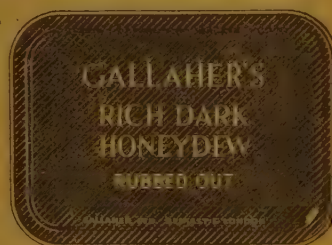
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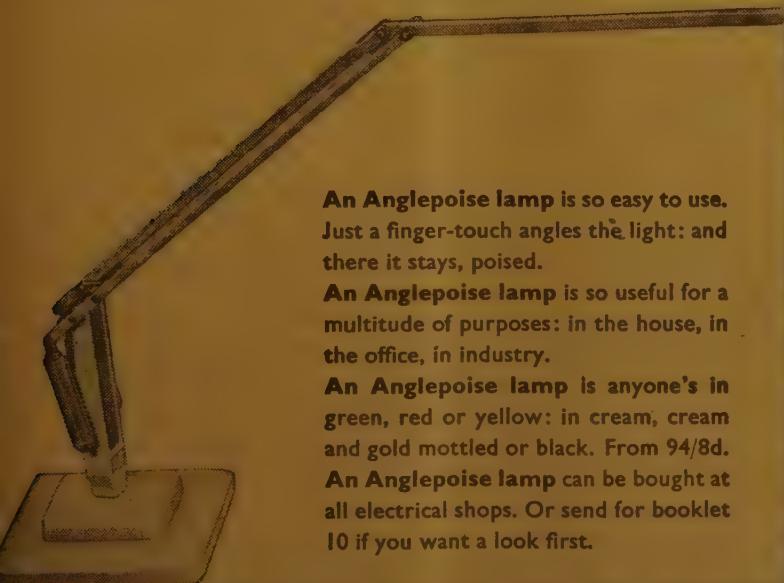
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sweeping the paper snakes up into many-coloured heaps, and the waitresses were on hands and knees among the tables picking up the paper snowballs and collecting them in boxes, so that they could be used again on the following evening. Even paper balls cost money.

So that was what had become of Kaltern. Revolted, I went back to my room and to bed. Tomorrow I was going to make my great tour of the mountain huts and forget this wasted evening.

But it was not to be. Next morning at breakfast the waiter told me that a tragedy of some kind had occurred during the night—murder or suicide, he didn't yet know the details. Two people staying at a small pension had been found poisoned—the very two who had sat at my table

the previous evening: Rudi, whose real name was Hermann, and Frau Ingeborg. And then the local policeman came and asked me to go with him to the town hall as I had been the last person to sit with them; and then I learned what had happened. Frau Ingeborg, according to a letter which had been found, had poisoned Rudi and then herself. Rudi was dead, while Frau Ingeborg was hanging between life and death.

So that's what I got out of it. I spent half the day in the town hall being questioned by the criminal police, and the next day the same, and then I was requested not to leave the town as I might possibly be required further, and finally I was informed that as Frau Ingeborg was now likely to live I

should be called as a witness at her trial.

I can't see an end to the vexations. A wretched 'candlelight evening' has involved me. I knew I should never have gone. I knew I should have kept myself clear of the whole business. One should never be untrue to one's principles. No good ever comes of it. It will be a lesson to me.

Whatever happens I shan't go to Kaltern any more. Kaltern is no longer what it was. There is no place to be found which is not tainted with the counterfeit values of our time. Truth, beauty, and grandeur have withdrawn into the eternal snows, and man is no longer the glory of creation.

We must make the best we can of it, for we are beyond our power to change.—*Third Programme*

Letters to the Editor

The Editor welcomes letters on broadcasting subjects or topics arising out of articles printed in THE LISTENER but reserves the right to shorten letters for reasons of space

Don't Rock Our Boat

Sir,—Mrs. Margaret Barnes's talk on central Africa, which I heard and read (THE LISTENER, March 3) with much pleasure, is an excellent example of the never-never land in which the British expatriate so often finds himself. It contains a new and remarkable definition of liberalism 'co-operating . . . with the inevitable', which puts Stalin right in the hunt. It speaks about Mr. Garfield Todd as if he were responsible for the destinies of the country, and not a defeated minority leader. Finally, it supposes a continuity of African life not found in nature. 'The black African can afford to wait. Time is on his side . . . The road is open . . .'

It isn't. The black African has a shorter life expectancy than the white. If some white man, presumably co-operating with the inevitable, gives equal rights to his grandson, how can he be expected to rejoice? He may even have the unworthy thought that Mrs. Margaret Barnes is echoing the French king who wanted to continue the enjoyment of his privileges and said 'Après moi, le déluge'.

All our friends devoted to the well-being of subject races will tell us that we at home are 'starry eyed', ignorant, and 'rocking the boat', so may I say that Mrs. Barnes herself is not always well informed, at least in the context of the black man? For example, she says that sixty years ago the black man had 'no notion of resolving inter-tribal differences except by bloodshed'. I wonder what we have to teach in that connexion.

Again, she speaks of paternalism. Excepting for a small minority, the white Rhodesian has not, and never has had, any paternal intentions towards the black man, if the word 'paternal' is given its ordinary English meaning. A good father wants his children to do better than he did, and if that improvement occurs in his lifetime, he rejoices. How many Rhodesians would approach that attitude, which is positively saintly in a context outside the family circle?

It is true that many white Rhodesians are anxious that the black man should progress, and have worked unselfishly towards that end. But there are many more who have a higher

regard for their privileges than any other consideration, and they represent a most powerful vested interest.

If Mrs. Barnes had her way, well meaning as she is, which of these groups does she think would triumph?

Yours, etc.,
Lower Kingswood L. C. McCLEAN

The Future of the Railways

Sir,—The Third Programme is to be congratulated on 'The Future of the Railways' (printed in THE LISTENER of February 25), which was one of the most informative talks on this subject for some time, but many points were left unsaid.

It is being predicted that the method of land transport with the greatest potential for the future is high-voltage electrification, but the only country which is actively exploiting its possibilities is Japan, who is now engaged on the building of a new railway on which 345 miles will be run in three hours with maximum speeds of 155 miles per hour. At this rate Edinburgh would be reached in three-and-a-half hours from London, and we cannot afford to ignore such possibilities.

But the capital cost is high, and in face of criticism and obloquy the directors of the inter-war railway companies refused to embark on these projects for the express purpose of avoiding the financial troubles into which British Railways have now drifted. The chief difficulties in electrifying an existing line with this system lie in the field of civil engineering, as every overhead structure has to be altered while at the same time keeping busy traffic moving. In this respect it is significant that the Japanese line is entirely new.

As an alternative to electrification we have the diesels, and it should be emphasized that their advantage over steam lies in the field of operational research; thus one Region plans to replace fifty-five steam engines with twenty-two diesels. Against this the capital cost of a diesel is two to three times that of a steam engine of similar power. But when all has been completed, the plan is for passenger trains having maximum

speeds of 100 miles per hour, that is, little better than the steam locomotives are doing now.

It is well known that British Railways make a handsome profit on their main lines, which was used to cover the loss on the secondary lines, but now just fails to do so. In other words, since 95 per cent. of the main lines work is done by steam, such golden eggs as British Railways can command are laid by that now despised form of locomotion.

In comparing diesel with steam, it seems to be accepted that the former should use a highly refined fuel, while the latter should use the crudest in the crude state in which it is won from the ground. It should surely not be beyond the capacity of modern research to develop a method of using processed coal, which would at the same time overcome the smoke and associated with steam railways, and help to alleviate the troubles of the coal industry. A high level of efficiency has now been obtained in stationary steam power plant, and normal search and progress could by now have produced steam locomotives capable of performance superior to those contemplated in the modernization plan, and at a fraction of the cost.

If there is to be a revision of the modernization scheme, it is to be hoped that it will not be forgotten that there is a practical alternative to the enormous capital expenditure now being undertaken. A reasonable compromise would appear to be to preserve and modernize the steam system on those lines on which capital has not so far been highly committed.

Yours, etc.,
Purley A. W. T. DANIEL

Communism and British Intellectuals

Sir,—Mr. Alasdair MacIntyre's treatment of the subject of 'Communism and British Intellectuals' (THE LISTENER, January 7) was thought, excellent. Three comments occur to me.

In the first place, most communists just do not know the truth about their own party. They never got near enough to the real leadership concentrated in London—to find out what

really going on. So it was that for many years a high proportion of the best and most active socialists in Britain permitted themselves to be cut off from the main stream of socialism in this country which runs, of course, through the Labour Party. And for this happy release from militancy within their own ranks the leaders of the Labour Party were profoundly grateful to King Street, the Communist Party centre. Nevertheless, no body of people in Britain did more to keep the flag of socialism flying, albeit in a sectarian way, than the rank and file of the Communist Party, including the 'intellectuals'.

In the second place Mr. MacIntyre himself, to some extent, falls victim to Stalinist ideas in the very use of the word 'intellectual'. This term is incapable of definition. It was born and bred under Stalin as part of a theory of an élite required by the circumstances of a revolution betrayed. Marx himself, in the Communist Manifesto, wrote about the 'bourgeois intelligentsia'. The important thing about that label is that it identifies the class position of the people it describes.

Finally, it is quite wrong to give the impression that those who left the Communist Party found, and find, the answer in the Socialist Labour League. It did, at one stage, seem that this might be the case but Mr. MacIntyre knows perfectly well that a revolt has taken place in the S.L.L. just because that organization has demonstrated features identical to those of the Communist Party, and that a whole number of people like Peter Fryer and myself have either been expelled or quit in disgust.

Yours, etc.,

PETER CADOGAN

Cambridge

Bronze on a Cambridgeshire Farm

Sir,—As one who has tried, sincerely but clearly unsuccessfully, to popularize prehistory, may I protest at the broadcast account of the Isleham late bronze-age hoard reported in THE LISTENER of March 3?

Mr. Robinson was obviously inordinately impressed that the bronze objects on which he commented had been made by 'a bronzesmith living more than 600 years before Christ', implying that this was an antiquity inconceivable in terms of sentient man. The craftsmanship of 'so primitive a people' could only evoke astonishment in Mr. Robinson.

But, really, let us have a little historical and technological perspective. By the eighth and seventh centuries B.C. (which, after all, was not very long ago in terms of human achievement), all the major problems of bronze technology had long been solved, and the results were the common property of most of Eurasia. This is not to belittle the craftsmanship of the anonymous smiths who contributed unwittingly to the composition of the Isleham hoard, nor to underrate its great archaeological importance: I recall with the keenest intellectual pleasure the privilege of examining most of the material recently, thanks to the courtesy of the Curator of the Moyses Hall Museum at Bury. But the makers of the objects in the hoard would not have differed sensibly from the blacksmiths I knew in my youth, nor from the metalsmiths one still meets in any non-industrial society. The implied suggestion that the craftsmen involved were primitive savages (and, by oblique reference, the gibbering anthropoids of Victorian comic draw-

ings) is less than fair on our seventh-century ancestors, and I suppose merely shows how lamentably we as archaeologists have failed in the explanation of our subject to the general public.—Yours, etc.,

Edinburgh

STUART PIGGOTT

Mr. Richard Robinson, who is a News Assistant in the B.B.C. Norwich Office, writes:

I was broadcasting, of course, as a reporter, not as an archaeologist to whom such an experience would presumably be quite commonplace. But I do agree that the 'sense of awe' which I expressed could have been modified, had I ever been privileged to handle, say, relics from the excavations at Ur of the Chaldees. I think my phrase 'so primitive a people' is not unfair if they are considered in relation to their contemporaries in other parts of the world.—Editor, THE LISTENER

Monk, Monarch, or Myth?

Sir,—The interesting talk on Asoka printed in THE LISTENER of February 23 will no doubt raise many questions. May I be permitted to ask only one? Is there any good reason to suppose that during the Maurya period the merchant class questioned the superiority of the priests and the aristocrats?

First, I know of no comparative data which would enable us to speak of an 'expansion' of trade in this period. Arguments from a closer contact with the Hellenic world and 'general prosperity' are hardly adequate. Second, there is little reason to believe that trade guilds were first established in this period. The date of the Arthashastra, which Miss Thapar casually places in the reign of Chandragupta, is a matter of great controversy and may well be considerably later. Third, it is difficult to see why the philosophical and religious questionings, so general in this period, should be described as a 'reflection' of a 'conflict' whose existence is at best doubtful.—Yours, etc.,

The Hague

A. R. DAS GUPTA

The Scientist's Dilemma

Sir,—Professor Cottrell was apparently confused by an unfortunate misprint in my letter: 'manuscripts' should have read 'mousetraps'.

I agree with him that all science is permeated with the scientific method, with which we grapple with the intellectual Everest. I would say that all science is also, if not 'applied', at least applicable; if the immediate application is not in mind we call it 'pure' science: as witness the equation $E = mc^2$. This is why Professor Toulmin's dilemma is unreal: the 'pure' versus 'applied' distinction is a slippery one.

Whether an individual gets more fun out of 'applied' or 'pure' science; out of, say, textile fibre bundles rather than topological ones, is surely a matter of his temperament and inclination, as well as the very real fashionable prejudice against immediately applicable science. But if Professor Cottrell really means, as he seems to imply, that 'applied' science is a softer option, suitable for those who cannot make the 'pure' grade, then this is another fashionable prejudice with which I vehemently disagree: immediate application frequently sets up very difficult pitches to be scaled—and the effort is all the more adventurous.

It is applicability which is crucial; the important thing, to my mind, is that we are on the threshold of a revolution. Up to now the ques-

tion, 'to what shall science be applied?' has been one outside the scope of science to answer. Developments in cybernetics are bringing it within the scope of scientific method. Here is an intellectual adventure of the first magnitude: the real dilemma is to find the way through the financial foothills.

Yours, etc.,

Newport, Monmouthshire RALPH PEARCY

The Use of English

Sir,—It is stated in your leader (THE LISTENER, February 18) that the Elizabethan schoolmaster, Richard Mulcaster, thought that English should be taught only after a thorough and complete grounding in Latin. But this is precisely the opposite of what Mulcaster in fact maintained. The central thesis of *The First Part of the Elementarie* (1582)—indeed implicit in its very title—is, on the contrary, that the study of Latin, postponed to the age of twelve, should follow upon a systematic grounding in English, and that the pupil so trained will make better progress between twelve and sixteen than one brought up solely on Latin, as was then the custom, between seven and seventeen years of age. Mulcaster's position is succinctly, and clearly, stated in the well-known words of the peroration to the reader: 'I love Rome, but London better; I favour Italy, but England more; I honour the Latin, but I worship the English'. Surely nothing could be plainer than that.

Yours, etc.,

Belfast

H. M. KNOX

Brockdorff-Rantzau at Versailles

Sir,—I was sorry to hear the old Brockdorff-Rantzau myth repeated in 'Scrapbook for 1919' broadcast in the Home Service on February 21. All the evidence points to the fact that when Brockdorff-Rantzau received the text of the Treaty from Clemenceau and made his reply seated he was acting with calculated discourtesy. This is borne out by the whole tone of the reply and by the character of the man. There was never any explanation or apology from the German side after the incident.

We have one good indication of Brockdorff-Rantzau's attitude. In the course of his reply he made the accusation that the Allies had maintained the naval blockade against Germany after the armistice, an accusation which was a palpable misconstruction. The facts are as follows:

The armistice terms had clearly stated that the blockade would remain in force, but that the Allies would consider the provisioning of Germany during the armistice period 'as shall be found necessary'. In January 1919, at Trier, when the Allies and Germans met for the first of their periodic renewals of the armistice, the Allies made the very reasonable proposal that the German Government should employ its own ships, long lying idle during the war years, to obtain the required foodstuffs and should make payment out of the considerable surviving German gold reserves. But this the German Government refused to do. The Germans had no one but their own Government to blame for the continuance of their food shortages in 1919—and Brockdorff-Rantzau knew it.

I do not think we need waste any sympathy on Brockdorff-Rantzau.

Yours, etc.,

Dorking

FRANK P. CHAMBERS

Van Dyck at Nottingham

By DAVID PIPER

FOR a university department to conceive, and to realize, an exhibition of the original work of an important master in connexion with a series of public lectures on a related period of art, shows remarkable initiative and determination. Any account of this exhibition should therefore be heralded by a salute to the University of Nottingham, where it is open to the public until March 26, and to the head of the Department of Fine Art in the university, Mr. Alastair Smart. The selection has been made by Mr. Oliver Millar, who contributes a most lucidly judicious introduction, and whose hand is recognizable in many of the catalogue entries, which contain a notable proportion of previously unpublished information. It is to be hoped that the exhibition receives the support it deserves, not only from the university but from the city as well.

In fact, this is the first one-man show on any scale that Van Dyck has had in this country for many years (I almost wrote 'his native country': after all, even before his burial in St. Paul's, his name had been incorporated into the English language). Although restricted in quantity, it has achieved a remarkably representative survey. The gallery is too small to take the big religious pictures, and paintings from the Italian period are lacking, but this is to some extent compensated for by the small oil sketches and the drawings. Besides the loans from the Royal Collection, those from the conveniently local dukeries—especially Chatsworth and Welbeck—are generous.

The English period, from 1632 to 1641, is naturally the most fully represented, and a remarkable trio of whole-length portraits in the centre of one wall are eloquent, not only of Van Dyck as the source of so many of the grandest English formal portraits of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, but of the value of his portraits as historical illumination. They are the somewhat foppish figure of the Duke of Newcastle, that grand Cavalier who, after his disastrous defeat at Marston Moor, opted out and retired graciously to Holland, there to compose in peace his treatise on the management of the Horse: the 'state' portrait of Charles I himself, with its marvellous, heavy, stubborn head, the eyelids weighted leadenly, as if ripe already for the lopping; and the portrait in armour of Strafford, with its almost hypnotic blend of toughness and sensitivity in the characterization of the face. I would distrust any historian of the Caroline era who did not know these three portraits.

The Strafford is interesting also as index of Van Dyck's weaknesses. It is one of several portraits, painted in England under the inspiration of Charles I's great holding of Titians, and in direct emulation of the Venetian master; in

the similar case of the equestrian portrait of Charles I in the National Gallery (the brilliant *modello* or study for which is shown at Nottingham) the transposition into an English key is completely and successfully resolved from



'Thomas Wentworth, 1st Earl of Strafford', by Van Dyck (c. 1636)
Lent by the Duke of Portland

Titian's Charles V (now in the Prado); with the Strafford, however, it does not work so well. In the source of this design, Titian's 'General del Vasto Addressing his Troops' (also in the Prado, but once in Charles I's collection), the General's arm is raised to good purpose, exhorting the soldiers in the background whom he is haranguing. Subdued though the gesture has become in the Van Dyck, and beautifully painted though it is, it lacks a purpose that it should still have—an emptied hand held out, but to what? To the open visor of his helmet on a nearby rock, almost as though he had thrown a ball towards a bucket in a fair-ground sideshow, and missed. The gesture almost sabotages the intense determination of the face.

This is not untypical of Van Dyck's relative weakness in what might be called organic design; the inevitable comparison with his master,

Rubens, obtrudes again, for in Rubens almost always the composition envelops and inspires the whole down to the minutest detail, down the finger-tips electric with energy. Yet weakness is relative; it is Van Dyck's misfortune always to have to be compared with Rubens, and in the comparison the peculiar masteries of the pupil, which were his own great subtleties and which are often lacking in his master, tend to be drowned.

For example, compared with Rubens, Van Dyck's designs are shallower, his virtues more on the surface. Yet his brilliant, how seductive, this mastery of surface design can be! He is at his best at his simplest: in the infinite variations he could play on the whole-length standing figure, often all in black, one half up, one down; here his sense of poise, his breath-taking balance, is unsurpassed. And in the swift oil-sketch for the great wall design, the never-undertaken Veronese-like 'Procession of the Knights of the Garter', the notation reads almost as if meant for choreography. If generally he is uneasy in organizing complex portrait groups, he is masterly in presenting a dialogue. One of the greatest of these is at Nottingham, the Duke of Bedford's so-called 'Daniel Mytens and his Wife' (I would suggest Cornelis van Poelenburgh and wife as the likely sitters), one of the most tenderly lyrical celebrations of man and wife ever painted; their hands do not quite touch, yet speak completely of harmony and confidence.

The exhibition includes several portraits that have not been shown outside their owners' houses before: the important group of Endymion Porter family, sadly battered, as was not already in the eighteenth century, with traces of its original quality visible; a whole-length perhaps of the Duke of Buckingham from Plas Newydd, and most exciting, the freshly cleaned half-length of Sir Thomas Hanmer, which lurked beneath dirt and the name of Van Dyck imitator, Walker, for a century or so, until revealed, as it clearly is, one of the most completely successful and beautifully painted works of Van Dyck's English period.

The drawings are taken entirely from Chatsworth, but such is the richness of that collection that the selection demonstrates the artist as draughtsman fairly completely, including many examples of those delicate water-colour English landscapes which are so remarkably out of the time. It is in the drawings perhaps that the delicacy, accuracy, and speed of Van Dyck's genius are at their purest, untrammelled by the need to fill up a given area and to work out composition to its last detail. The drawing of the old man's throat, in the portrait of Jan Snellin, is alone worth a journey to Nottingham.

The Listener's Book Chronicle

The Passionate Sightseer. By Bernard Berenson. Thames and Hudson. 35s.

Reviewed by ELLIS WATERHOUSE

THE TITLE OF THIS slightly posthumous book, whose proofs the author had corrected before his death last October, is beautifully just. It is about sightseeing, and it falls into that class in publishers' lists which proclaims itself to the reader as Travel Books. But it is a travel book with a difference, the last, slight but affecting, work of a considerable impresario, who knew the limit of effort he could command in his activities, but was fortified by a profoundly rich mind. The book is built round 168 illustrations of places, buildings and works of art, often unusual and never trite, which are the visual commentary to a script made up from Berenson's diaries kept during his latest travels, from 1947 to 1956—several journeys to Rome, two to Venice, and single journeys to Sicily, to Tripoli and Leptis Magna, to Calabria, and to Ravenna and the Romagna: and it comes to a close with some reflections on his home territory, Florence and her surrounding hills. The author's brain has been equally active in the choice of pictures and in the text, which is never, as Berenson would say, *about* the pictures. At Ravenna he muses that in the past he has been too concerned with knowledge about the genres and styles of works of art: 'now . . . I discover that I have forgotten most of the *about*. It has become dim and vague, reduced to a mere atmosphere. The result is that only the objects that have an *it*, a quality within a style, remain'. It is for that *it* that he feels a passionate keenness now, and for which he is willing to pursue all the (rather cushioned) discomforts of sightseeing into old age.

The model for travel writing that Berenson pursues—how haltingly he admits himself in a passage on Goethe at Palermo—is that of the *alienische Reise*. But, though he twice refers to his childhood in Lithuania, and never to the later experience of New England, it is as a Bostonian that he travels in his old age, and he classifies travel books in which *The Passionate Sightseer* should be placed is that small select group which includes Henry James's *A Little Tour in France*, even though the coming of photography has profoundly altered the rules. Like Henry James—but unlike the passionate European sightseer—he is a little oppressed by the discomfort hazards of hostels in rather remote places. Yet even on this problem, so swiftly does time move, some of his complaints are already out of date. His Sicilian tour of 1953 was pre-jolly, but the Calabrian tour of 1955 was post-jolly, and it is amusing to contrast his relief at the march of American plumbing in the Mezzogiorno with his dismay at the huge crowds which such amenities have brought to disturb the once lovely solitude of Paestum. But the tone of his reflections is usually quite consistent and splendidly civilized. He recognizes the itch to travel from place to place, and he provides a continual example of the *tempo* of travel in which most beneficially accompanies such

movement. But it is all done by studious indirectness, and perhaps the most pregnant statement in the book is what he writes after twenty visits to the exhibition of illuminated manuscripts which was held at Rome in 1953:

Long ago I concluded that all we did on earth (no matter how long we lived) was to decide what topics we should pursue if we had eternity at our disposal, with time for everything, no haste, no interest treading on the heels of the last interest. Now I never get over feeling like a charlatan if anything I say is taken too seriously by others.

The diary which provides the script was never perhaps quite as privately intended as a few entries like this suggest, but the diary tone is sufficiently well maintained for some passages (such as being told that Klosterneuburg is 'near Vienna') to read as editorial intrusions. We are told a good deal about the writer himself, a few of his prejudices, but more of the catholicity of his interests. Those who are fascinated by the man (and who should not be?) will find many little points and statements to delight them and to fill out their picture of him. This book is a conscious swan-song, nicely modulated, with the author stepping from the scene, on his home ground, from the Loggia of S. Martino alla Palma, where the two objectives of the *Passionate Sightseer*, nature and art, blend into an unobtrusive miracle of mutual harmony.

The Triumph of Tyranny. By Stephen Borsody. Cape. 21s.

A number of books chronicle in their different ways the melancholy history in the twentieth century of that belt of peoples whose misfortune it is to occupy the debatable lands between Germany and Russia. Professor Borsody tells it again but from a point of view rather unfamiliar in England. Himself a member of the Hungarian minority in the Czechoslovakia of the inter-war years and a Hungarian diplomat in the brief interval of near democracy in 1945-7, he can sympathize with the wrongs done to Hungarian national feelings by the peace-makers without showing misplaced sympathy for the reactionary Hungarian regime of the Horthy era, and without nostalgia for the Habsburgs.

His concern is not only to upbraid the Western Powers for their appeasement of first Hitler and then Stalin, but also to see that the countries of the Middle Zone get their share of the blame for their devotion to exclusive nationalism at the expense of the solidarity of the entire area. He is thus sympathetic to the ideas of federalism for the area that some of the exiled governments toyed with in wartime, and is particularly harsh on Benes—the real villain of his story—for turning his back on such ideas in favour of turning Czechoslovakia into a national state by the expulsion of its minorities and allowing himself to be the victim of a Soviet confidence trick. Since the Czechs have on the whole had a good press in this country where the scar of Munich survives, it is as well to have the balance redressed. But one is still unconvinced that the errors of these small nations did

much to accelerate their fate. Either Germany and Russia will join hands to partition them, or they must rely on one or the other. Their only real hope is that the Russians will evolve in such a way as to make the tutelage less oppressive. For it is hard to see that this area, even if it had been given federal institutions, could have become a major power in itself; and Mr. Borsody is right in pointing out that in the last resort the West will not intervene at its own peril. His present suggestion—that if Germany is fully incorporated in a federal Europe so tightly as to guarantee its harmlessness the Russians might withdraw their forces—is an open question and one not likely to be put to the test in the immediate future.

Mr. Borsody, by taking some words of mine out of their context, appears to wish to make me a protagonist of the view that by intervening at Suez Britain and France were somehow to blame for the tragedy of the Hungarian revolution of 1956. In so far as the Russians were encouraged by lack of Western solidarity, it was not Britain and France but the United States (where Mr. Borsody now teaches) which was responsible. If the United States had been willing to co-operate in enforcing law in the Middle East against the Russian-backed Nasser, the Russians might have been impressed; as it was, the United States's attack on its own Allies at the United Nations certainly helped them to mislead world opinion about their own actions. But I would not press this point too far either; it remains my belief that the Russians could not afford to let the Hungarians succeed.

MAX BELOFF

Robert Southey and his Age
By Geoffrey Carnall.

Journals of a Residence in Portugal 1800-1801 and a Visit to France 1838

By Robert Southey. Edited by Adolfo Cabral. Oxford. 30s. and £2 5s.

Mr. Carnall's book bears the sub-title 'The Development of a Conservative Mind'. It is a study not of Southey's life but of the evolution of his political thinking: a study of much value for an understanding of conservatism in England in the early nineteenth century.

Southey's political writing has shared the general neglect into which, with two or three exceptions, his work has fallen during the past hundred years. This is a pity, for much of it is excellent as prose and deeply interesting as a commentary on the world he saw about him. He is remembered—and too often dismissed—as a political apostate, like Wordsworth and Coleridge. But whereas the political thinking of those two great poets has received searching examination not only from biographers and literary critics but from students of politics of the calibre of John Stuart Mill and Dicey, little serious attention has been paid to Southey's; and this is ironical, because Southey was more directly in touch with political life than they were, influencing it more than Wordsworth and hardly less than Coleridge.

Mr. Carnall goes a long way towards rendering justice to Southey, examining with patience the whole of his political writing and the huge corpus of his letters, recently made larger still by the gift of several great collections to public libraries. He treats the 'apostasy' that excited so much indignation with an admirably sympathetic coolness. Southey himself once accounted for it quite simply by saying that his early enthusiastic Jacobin notions had undergone nothing but the process of 'fermenting, and settling, and ripening'. Though that is a cavalier dismissal of the charge, the charge is not very important in itself. What really matters is that Southey evolved from a shrill democrat, *naïf* and a trifle feather-headed, into a powerful conservative who was yet a disconcertingly unorthodox Tory. It is true that he was condemning Catholic Emancipation at least as early as 1801, and that he consistently opposed Parliamentary Reform. Yet he was also a steady and unsparing critic of the great capitalist, whether the industrial magnate or the landowner who had whole counties under his political control and so could 'sing "We are seven" like Wordsworth's little girl into the ear of a Minister, and demand for himself situations which he is unfit for'. He campaigned for all the important reforms of the industrial system—the regulation of child labour, for instance, and the improvement of the poor law—and if many of the changes he desired to see were not accomplished until after his death he made an important contribution to their ultimate fulfilment.

One thing is a little disappointing in Mr. Carnall's book: the mistrust he evidently feels of his own power to penetrate the secret springs of Southey's thought. This is over-modesty. 'Psycho-analysis is beyond my competence', he remarks, and no doubt in a strictly academic sense this is true. But he has so many comments to make—especially in his extremely interesting last chapter—on Southey's character and personal history, and they are so highly relevant and sensible, that they make one wish that Mr. Carnall had allowed himself more scope in this direction. In many studies of this kind there is too much 'psychology'. Here, for once, there is too little. Mr. Carnall pays only casual attention, for example, to the circumstances of Southey's life at Keswick, which frequently need to be taken into account in order to explain the tone of his writing and the limitations of its range and depth.

It should be added that his book is well written, though an excessive number of his sentences are enclosed in parentheses; and that his illustrations include two striking portraits of Southey that have not hitherto been reproduced.

Mr. Carnall's book leaves one with an increased respect for Southey's mind. Unhappily, the same thing can scarcely be said of Dr. Cabral's edition of the lost Portuguese and French journals, which he discovered in manuscript in Bristol in 1949. They are pleasant enough, but they add nothing of importance to what was always known of his travels abroad. Since they are quite brief, Dr. Cabral has supplemented them by the letters that Southey wrote at the time. Some of these have not hitherto been printed, but a good many—making up over a quarter of the whole book—have already appeared elsewhere. The main value of this

edition therefore derives from the detailed commentary that Dr. Cabral furnishes, in his footnotes, on Southey's travels in his country. Though his introduction is disappointingly brief, it is fair to him to add that he has treated Southey's connexion with Portugal fully elsewhere, in a study recently published in Lisbon.

JACK SIMMONS

One Man in his Time. The Memoirs of Serge Obolensky. Hutchinson. 25s. The Witch. By Nika Hulton.

Hart-Davis. 15s.

Prince Obolensky, who prefaces his life-story with a family tree going back to the year 862, is an outward-looking man, and now in old age finds himself as much at home in the rich world of American publicity and high life, promoting and directing exclusive hotels and gathering around him as friends and clients the grandees of the headlines, as ever he was in his Old Russian childhood, at Oxford as an undergraduate, and on the battlefields of war and revolution. Age did not debar him in the last war from parachuting into France as an American airman. An outward-looking man is refreshing to meet, especially in memoirs, when power to close the account is in one's own hands, should one need a rest. He writes well too, and the photographs show him to be handsome. Yet at the end melancholy seeps into this book unbidden. He is, one feels by this time, almost too much at home, and in a world really where one should not feel at home; too blunted, too destroyed. The romantic reader, inclined to attach importance to that A.D. 862 pedigree may feel shaken.

It is suggested that Tolstoy found much in the Obolensky family to put in his *Anna Karenina*. Certainly there was the *cause célèbre* of his parents' divorce and his mother's remarriage, a not far from scandalous occurrence in Orthodox society. These early years are charming: there is the high social detail and the landscape, the Russian royal children to play with in their summer palaces, the Scots Nanny who taught him to speak English with a northern accent; beauty of countryside, fun in St. Petersburg. And it is attractive to feel at close quarters with historic personages and events—the murder of Rasputin, that bungled but high-minded performance, the grandeur, in our own country, of an Oxford life long since dead... the Prince of Wales, the noble friends, 'time off' for social London, the wise and worldly wise tutors. Yet he is serious too; his studies were of England's social economy, the lives and labours of her poor, it was not only among the rich that he had friends. In the fighting chapters of this book he shows—in quite a happy-go-lucky way—enormous courage and resourcefulness, gaiety and endurance. In marriage he was also gay, but rather unlucky. His first marriage broke up, his second—to Alice Astor—also. He would like to have re-married Alice, but by that time she was lost in the repulsive world of religious eccentricity from which few return. Never very deep, and running at the end into very stony shallows, this book, for its liveliness and courage, seems true at all points to the author's temperament, and one is not at all surprised when Bogomolov, meeting him after the second world war, says: 'Come back to Russia'. But I think it is the melancholy

and retiring who will most like him because loves life as they never can.

Lady Hulton also gives us a picture of W Russians, this time in Parisian exile. She puts her story in the mouth of a fourteen-year-old girl, with whom one is inclined—but wary—not—to identify the author, and this device permits a simplicity of style and observation which is telling. It is in many ways a familiar account of Old Russian eccentricity in poor circumstances, but the two aunties who dominate the book really are odd, and then the book is short. In fact Lady Hulton knows just what she is about, being, if one may say so, artful. What was unfamiliar to me is Russian Orthodox belief that departed souls hover for forty days in this world before flying away.

STEVIE SMITH

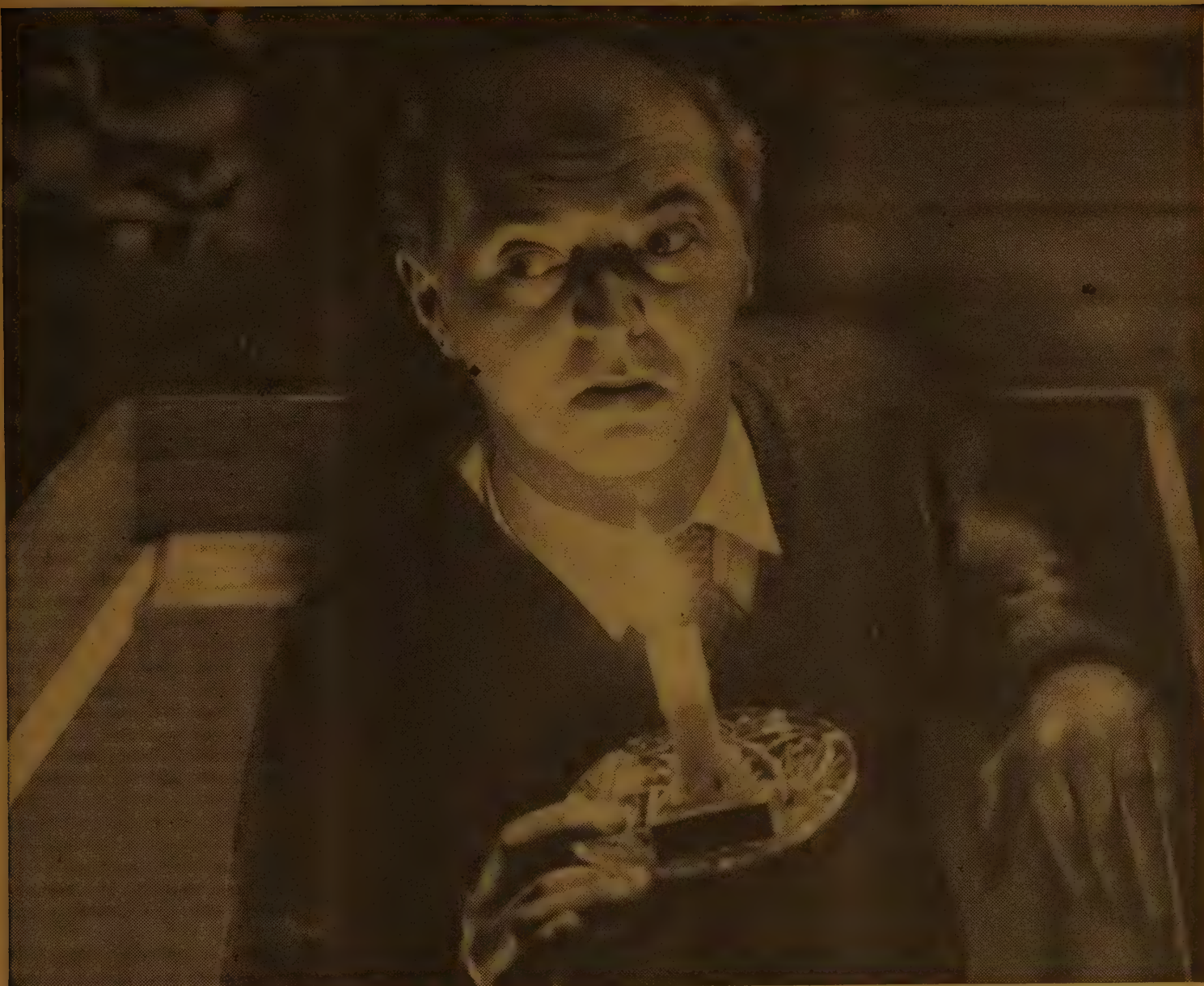
A Potter in Japan: 1952-1954

By Bernard Leach. Faber. 36s.

As an observer of present-day Japan, Bernard Leach has advantages over most post-war visitors. He lived and worked there for eleven years until 1920 and this time was revisiting Japan after an absence of eighteen years. He speaks Japanese fluently; as an artist and in view of his significant influence on the Mingei movement, he is something of a celebrity biography, written by Dr. Shikiba, has been published in Japan). Thus, whilst he met and worked with craftsmen in many outlying districts, he was also in touch with intellectuals in the capital and Kyoto, and was entertained by the Governor of each Province he visited. Moreover his drawings, as well as his pots, are keenly sought after in Japan. He drew almost daily during his travels, and many of the drawings illustrate his diary, adding to the comments and observations of the text. These drawings help to explain—with their swift strokes, their succinctness, their delicate touch—the great personal reputation which Bernard Leach enjoys as an artist in the land of calligraphy.

'Japan is like a mask with two faces—sword and the tea-bowl' says Leach. With regard to her military defeat, he speaks of the determined effort at 'non-military reconstruction', of the new generation's relief at casting off the old military-feudal yoke, and of the tolerance of American help and intention. 'That feeling is genuine and widespread and I have heard the remark several times, "It would have been worse if we had won"'. But about the uprooting of the other side of the culture, Leach utters a *cri de coeur*! 'Oh, post-war Japan; how can I be blind to this in defeat. A shame to the influencer and a shame to the influenced!' The loss of old conventionalities, the new vulgarities, everywhere the blaring rattle of the Pachinko (pinball) gambling houses: these and suchlike there is bitter comment on and questioning.

In a travel diary one looks for the keen use of the sensitive ear, nose and tongue. Leach's observations on food (at its most exotic), music, theatres, dancing, gardens, hot baths, a geisha, as well as the town and country scenes are vivid and varied, even if they whet the appetite rather than regale it. He gives two examples of the sort of misconception which easily arises in a foreigner. One, when he falls down in the street and rises, dazed, with difficulty; no



Trouble aloft

What is it this time? An airlock, ball valve stuck, a family treasure mislaid, or just mice again? Anyway, thank goodness there's a candle in the house (he's seen to *that* ever since the time when there wasn't!). One thing he probably doesn't realise is that in the friendly glow of candlelight, as in so many other useful things, he is being helped by Shell Chemicals . . .

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comes to his aid. He later realizes it was 'in order to save one's pride'. The other was at one of his pottery shows at the Tokyo Takumi, when he found on another floor imitations of his pots, complete with signature, selling at one-third the price: 'In fact, the intention was complimentary'.

But the most important parts of this book are the descriptions of the aesthetic side of Japanese life and manners; together with the author's observations on pottery and the problems of the craftsman in East and West alike. Each knows Japan far too intimately to sentimentalize this side ('Don't imagine that my body likes living on the floor, however nice the thick, clean, springy matting—it's too far away!'). His comments, in fact, are often loaded with criticism.

There are, however, two descriptions of the tea ceremony which are unforgettable: one in which a young woman makes and serves; the other in Eihoji ('Moss Mountain') Zen Temple. The chapter on Onda, a mountain pottery village in Kyushu, is perhaps the best in the book. He describes his journey south by train and boat across the Inland Sea, stopping at Beppu (famous for hot springs) and Hita, reaching Onda in April (the specially prepared map is, throughout, invaluable). Then a description of Onda, its life and traditions, and work there... Three weeks, 300 pots... excellently fired, almost without loss'. In the train back to Kyoto, a farewell card to the Onda folk: 'With the mountain cherry, how brief!'

GEORGE WINGFIELD DIGBY

Light Blue, Dark Blue. An Anthology of Recent Writing from Oxford and Cambridge Universities. Edited by John Fuller, Julian Mitchell, Robin McLaren, and William Donaldson. Macdonald. 15s.

This anthology is a shop window for the latest generation of Oxford and Cambridge writers, men (and one woman) who have been up at the universities during the past six years or are still there. Only a few contributors have passed their twenty-fifth birthday; and a handful of them are Americans. Dom Moraes, Alan Brownjohn, and Patrick Garland are already known outside university circles. No very recognizable pattern emerges, although it seems clear that these young men are neither genuinely nor professionally 'Angry'. In fact the newspaper label which has been hastily affixed is that of the 'solemn young men'; and this journalistic catch-phrase contains at least one grain of the truth. *Light Blue, Dark Blue* on the whole gives the impression of energetic if not quite earnest affirmation, a saying of 'yes, but...' to life.

Two interestingly pointed stories come from Michael Frayn and Patrick Garland. Mr. Garland's 'Putting on the Agony', based partly on his experience of working in the South Coast airgrounds, is a nicely sustained effort in the idiom of a Teddyish candyfloss-cum-hot-dog vendor. It captures, too, the vulgar amiability of English holiday-makers *en masse*, ripe for exploitation by the seaside wide boys. The most notable poems are those by Christopher Levenston, Sylvia Plath, and Dom Moraes, though none of these really makes more than a gently pleasant impact. There is no hint in this verse of anything stronger than well-mannered talent.

Their grasp so far does not exceed their reach.

A number of articles in this collection were written in response to a questionnaire drawn up by the editors of *Cambridge Opinion* and first published in 1958. Questions such as 'Do you think that morality is anything but social hygiene?' and 'Is it better to accommodate yourself to 'Life-without-meaning' or to instill life with (possibly false) meaning?' have led to varied and thoughtful essays, especially on the nature of artistic commitment, by Jonathan Steinberg (an American), R. M. Griffiths, Hugh Brogan, and W. I. Carr. Mr. Steinberg is not untypical in viewing his generation as one which, in recoil from 'larger-than-life' ideals, has decided on 'a hesitating and tentative return to a more individualistic position'. Mr. Carr demands that the artist and scientist should 'live, really live and be above all things rightly human'. Then Peter Levi, S.J., speaks up for God and defends the Roman Catholic Church, while Dennis Potter, author of that recent political testament, *The Glittering Coffin*, makes rather a fuss of being a miner's son, 'whippet-fancying and bitter by descent, as it were, set down among the dreaming spires'. *Light Blue, Dark Blue*, though of its nature lacking in organic unity, gives a valuable preview of new writers in the making.

ROBERT GREACEN

The Language of Music

By Deryck Cooke. Oxford. 30s.

Mr. Cooke holds out new hope that the business of translating the meaning of music can be legalized beyond the critic's private allegory. Not only does he insist that music is a language; he believes that he has made a start in unravelling its vocabulary. He claims to have observed that in many instances of vocal music, ranging throughout the last 500 years, certain verbally definable emotions underlying the text coincide with the occurrence of specific sequences of notes in the music. For instance, tonic-fifth-sixth-fifth (1-5-6-5) in the major, is found in music set to texts expressing 'the innocence and purity of angels and children', while 'ascending 5-1-3-1, minor' corresponds to 'a feeling of courage, in that it boldly acknowledges the existence of tragedy'. In this way he has isolated sixteen 'basic terms' that correspond to sixteen shades of emotion. It is his central thesis that irrespective of how they are 'vitalized' by rhythm and other agencies, these formulas impart their connotation to any phrase in which they occur; in instrumental and vocal music alike they are being used much as we are using words: for the content which inheres in them *a priori*.

Since Mr. Cooke derives his theory from statistical evidence afforded by the instinctive behaviour of practically all major composers to date, his case rests on the validity of his vast documentation. Unhappily, it turns out that the emotions on the literary side of his equations are by no means always identical. For instance, he traces '5-1-3-1 minor' in the first line of a Schubert song entitled 'Mut'. Yet 'courage' is not to be found here ('If snow flies into my face') but in the second line: 'Then I'll shake it off!' These words, however, go with music containing a different basic term which, according to Mr. Cooke's tables, should stand for 'experiencing joy passively'. Again, of the five

appearances of the alleged equivalent for courage in Schumann's 'Two Grenadiers' only the last two come up to expectation, while the first three depict the utter dejection of the defeated warriors. Finally, when we encounter, within the same group, the 'Eli, eli' from Schütz's St. Matthew Passion ('My God, why hast thou forsaken me?') it becomes clear that this basic term is in fact being used in conjunction with differing and conflicting emotions.

Yet if we subject the theory to the supreme test—ignored by Mr. Cooke—of comparing different settings of the same words, say Schütz's and Bach's 'Eli, eli' or Beethoven's and Schubert's 'Wonne der Wehmut', the basic term changes. Indeed, it seems doubtful whether the pitch structure of the only Gloria quoted (the one from Beethoven's *Missa Solemnis*) would be found to conform to a significant proportion of the many thousands of Glorias that have been composed. Yet Mr. Cooke is not unaware of the vast testing range of liturgical music, for he says: 'Did anyone ever set the *Resurrexit* of the Mass to slow, soft, minor music? Or the *Crucifixus* to quick, loud, major strains?'

This indicates how far we can go in setting musical elements against verbally defined emotions. Only where we experience contrasts—in the spheres of volume, tempo, mode, consonance-dissonance—do we associate these opposites with positive or negative zones in the realm of emotion. However detailed the mood description of a melody may be it will, at the vital identity parade, only succeed in excluding those pieces that offend against the polarities implied by the description. How peripheral are these rough and tangible layers is shown by the parlour game of changing the emotional character of a piece *ad libitum* simply by inverting the polarizing agencies; for even if we do play a melody softly instead of loudly, slowly instead of fast, and even in the minor instead of in the major, it will emerge remarkably unscathed and recognizable.

On the other hand, the special flavour of a piece, that which belongs to it alone and distinguishes it from all others, is so securely locked up in the notes, in the unique amalgam of harmony, rhythm, and pitch relations, as to be inaccessible to verbal description. Nor must we assume that by perfecting the mood-detector we shall eventually succeed in abolishing the difference between general mood and individual flavour, or that a more perceptive age will accomplish the bar to bar 'mood-charts' Mr. Cooke envisages. For music and emotion travel in different gears. They might be likened to the hands of a clock: if one shows the seconds and the other jumps from minute to minute, no amount of observation will equalize their rates of change.

If, then, the notes will always add up to something more specific than the mood that pervades them, it is unlikely that, as Mr. Cooke suggests, the composer's innermost motivation is the wish to express emotions or, as he implies, that the use of music or of language is optional; surely such fraternization belittles music's standing as an art.

The nature of musical significance is a tantalizing puzzle, unlikely ever to be solved. All the more admirable is the imagination and integrity with which Mr. Cooke took up the age-old challenge. To question his dogma is not to deny the intrinsic value of his searching book.

PETER STADLEN

CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

Weekly comments on B.B.C. programmes by independent contributors

Television Broadcasting

DOCUMENTARY

Asking Children Questions

THOSE GIVEN TO DIAGNOSING and prognosticating upon the condition of the times may consider the curious case of the interviewer. That public entertainment should be constituted so large a factor in our communal life is an elementary observation and one not without historical parallels, mostly discouraging. But that the public interviewer should be so large a factor in entertainment is a much odder matter, and one doubts if there are parallels to find: even if one thinks of the Spanish Inquisition as a form of entertainment, and no doubt in several senses it was, the television interviewer is no grand inquisitor. Rather he is, or must appear to be, a moderately commonplace fellow asking average questions with less or more relevance and connexion—not a very demanding role, one would have thought at first sight, and a profession in which the rewards of fame and fortune grossly outrun the qualities and skills that have to be applied to it. And yet first thoughts are probably, not for the first time, wrong; for in fact the first-class interviewer remains one of the rarest figures on the screen.

Is the recruitment net cast insufficiently wide, and are there fresh Freemans, Dimplebys, Kees in every bus-load of commuters? One doubts it. Whatever the truth of the matter, there are probably not more than a dozen really competent interviewers on either channel today, to raise the category no higher. To this select division Huw Wheldon, sleek host of 'Monitor' (February 28), undoubtedly belongs, but he does appear to me occasionally in danger of relegation. It is indeed his smoothness, urbanity, and courtesy that save him. It must be said at once that his is perhaps the toughest assignment of all: artists of all kinds make harder demands than other persons both upon the intelligence of a questioner and, frequently, upon his patience. Wheldon's solution—and this is where he occasionally falls short—is to treat some of his subjects as problem-children. He cultivates a mildly ironic detachment, an excellent attitude in many contexts but precisely not in that of a creative artist who is far too deeply concerned and passionate about the human situation to be able to indulge in irony, urbanity, and detachment himself. Wheldon in fact tends to cut the awkward customer down to size and that seems a pity in a world where sizes are already so standard.



Miss Mary McCarthy as she appeared in 'Monitor'

But I dare say I am being hypercritical. Wheldon is certainly capable of enthusiasm and he evidently admired Miss Mary McCarthy inordinately on Sunday (February 28), going so far as to quote with strong approval a description of her as 'perhaps the most intelligent woman in the world'—which to myself seems on the contrary probably the most despairingly depressing thing one could say about anybody, and quotable only in respect of the annoyance it must cause Mlle S. de B. and Miss R. W., other leading contestants for this strange world title. Miss McCarthy was decorative and sensitive and certainly quite as clever as many other people. But even here I seemed to detect a hint of the 'child-interviewing' technique.

This was made easier by having observed Mr. Wheldon, a Sunday earlier, engaged in one of those curious subsidiary activities that such persons are prone to and interviewing real kiddies in a do-it-yourself children's-hour programme called 'All Your Own'. Here he had to quiz a youthful beetle-hunter, and the attitude he adopted was of comic grown-up ignorance:

to be applied indiscriminately. Robert Kee, investigating the current hoo-ha about German proposed installations in Spain (February 28), asked a wide variety of schoolgoers how many they knew or didn't know about the Spanish Civil War, and this was a perfectly legitimate procedure, for his purpose was to assess how far that war was now a present factor in the national consciousness. But when Ludovik Kennedy took a camera and microphone to the Science Museum to ask schoolchildren whether or not Britain should invest in space-travel that was ludicrous. This was not an item of popular opinion but upon a problem of the utmost scientific, political, and economic complexity.

The sooner it is firmly realized the better, that no purpose whatever is served by asking uneducated persons about subjects wildly outside the scope of their competence for opinions they are unable to frame and, even if they could do so, to frame with anything resembling minimum literacy.

HILARY CORKE



Also in 'Monitor': a view of the Franco-British exhibition of 1908 at Shepherd's Bush, seen in the film with John Betjeman, *Journey into a Lost World*

DRAMA

'Journey's End'

THERE ARE THOSE who turn purple at the mention of R. C. Sherriff's *Journey's End*. In their view it is a feudal idyll, showing the harmony of class distinction without class warfare. The play is set up in bad eminence as the precursor of twopence-coloured war films and its language in particular has been attacked as a crafty means of cushioning the audience from the horror of its subject.

I have never felt the full weight of these arguments; and certainly Mr. Sherriff is not to blame for any debased imitations of his work. But, in past productions of the play, I have been mildly irritated by the club-room atmosphere of that St. Quentin dug-out where Stanhope bullies the snivelling Hibbert in the manner of a public school prefect licking a new boy.

'And you mean to say that all insects have six legs? Really! Well, I certainly never knew that. How fascinating! And how about spiders?' Thus it was that when Mr. Wheldon beamed blandly across at Miss McCarthy and inquired 'But tell me, just what is an intellectual?', I was conscious of a highly disconcerting double-take.

'Panorama' at the moment is also very keen on asking children questions, a process that may or may not be relevant in any given context and is certainly not



Robert Kee interviewing schoolchildren in 'Panorama'



Derrick Sherwin (left) as Second-Lieutenant Raleigh and Richard Johnson as Captain Stanhope in *Journey's End*

into shape, and in which there are all too many exchanges such as 'How topping—to have played for England'. 'It was rather fun'.

These past objections were killed outright by John Jacobs's magnificent production of the play in the 'Twentieth Century Theatre' series (March 6). Let me take the matter of language to begin with. All the characters (apart from the sacrificial newcomer, Raleigh, who hasn't time to pick up the idiom) share a trick of speaking as if the war scarcely existed: whenever they are driven to refer to it they take care to insert some homely wise-crack that deflates its significance—'There didn't seem a thing in the world except the rats squeaking and my stomach rumbling about that cutlet'. This kind of thing, and all the compulsive talk about pineapple chunks, socks, over-sweet tea, and lumpy porridge can be taken either as a means of letting off the audience lightly, or as a cocoon of language in which the characters huddle like blind-forms out of the war's reach. Obviously, you say, the second. Yet it must be one or the other: and there have been productions that reduced the play to a can of synthetic strawberry jam.

The key scene that emerged from Mr. Jacobs's production was the one in which Stanhope confesses to his elder confidant, Osborne, that he has an imagination: 'Whenever I look at anything nowadays I see right through it'. Back comes the shocked answer: 'Let's talk about something else—croquet'. The unmentionable is instantly stamped underfoot; that way madness lies. It is this crucial passage which puts the ostrich-like behaviour of the other men into its fearful context, and gives Stanhope—the only one among them to act with his eyes wide open—his claim to heroism.

The dug-out itself had been thoroughly purged of clubland echoes. The identity it did develop was that of a womb, in which the lifting details about food, rights to particular pairs, etc., were magnified into symbols of security. During the raid on the German line the camera moved in to a close-up of the deserted table. And the peaceful death of Raleigh (often attacked as a romantic falsification) had the potent effect of combining the image of the womb with that of the grave. So much so that the moment of greatest emotional impact came not with his death, but immediately afterwards when the dug-out collapsed, blocking out the green with a faceless mound of rubble and splintered timber.

Singling out individual performances in a

production so dependent on ensemble playing is an unfair business, but Peter Sallis's sketch of Hardy brilliantly established the throwaway idiom at the outset, and Cyril Raymond's colonel, switching his rank on and off like lightning, was one of the nicest bits of top brass I have seen for a long time. Richard Johnson's Stanhope was the titanic equal of the tremendous aural and visual crescendo at the end.

The Welsh studio gets less attention than it deserves. If British television has so far held out against the standardized sixty-minute anecdote of ordinary people going about their contemporary business it is largely because incorrigible individualists, like the Welsh, persist in lobbing their Ossianic bomb-shells into

the midst of the Augustans, and preventing any copy-book rules for televising writing from being formulated.

The latest missile was Saunders Lewis's *Siwan*, a production for St. David's Day. Mr. Lewis, like his compatriot John Gwylim Jones, has no truck with the parsimonious economy of subject-matter and restraint of diction cultivated by English playwrights. His scale is epic, and his expression frankly ornate. *Siwan* is a great chunk of thirteenth-century history set in the Court of Prince Llywelyn, 'the king of a dozen crags', and concerning his marriage with Siwan, a natural daughter of King John brought up in the high civilization of the French Court. Love and politics are inextricably combined in her fatal infidelity with the Marcher Lord, Gwylim de Breos, and her return after a year in captivity to Llywelyn's bed and conference table.

Conducted entirely in duologues, the play carries its great burden of historical exposition effortlessly and develops a complex statement on marriage that is humanly comprehensible



Clifford Evans as Llywelyn and Sian Phillips as his wife in *Siwan*

even though it refers to a remote hieratic society of child marriages and peremptory executions. 'For a royal house', exclaims Siwan at one point, 'life is a ceremony'. And the text supports her: whether she is exchanging vows with the Troubadour de Breos or planning a campaign with her husband, her expression remains exquisitely formal. The formality is deep-rooted and far removed from the tushery of much English costume drama. Mr. Lewis is concerned with great personages; he gives them noble and articulate language, and he keeps his distance. Sian Phillips, Peter O'Toole, and Clifford Evans played with a dignity and attack, wearing their parts like fine clothes, and striking a much-needed blow for rhetoric. I hope it goes home.

IRVING WARDLE

Sound Broadcasting

DRAMA

New Classic

WHETHER RADIO SHOULD be called an art is a matter for argument. Certainly there is a need for new writers who will treat the medium as an art form and make use of its freedoms and limitations to achieve results and say things which could not be expressed by any other means. I have no doubt that Mr. Harold Pinter has joined the none-too-numerous company of radio dramatists of the first quality with *A Night Out* (Third, March 1), that his play will join the repertory of welcome revivals, and that he will be pestered for more.

The plays one apologetically calls 'pure radio' sometimes use the full battery of studio tricks—music, effects, and the admixture of actuality; sometimes, as in this case, the art is in the writing, and much of that in what is omitted. *A Night Out* said a great deal in properly placed silences and well-timed hesitations. It had just enough plot for its duration of an hour and moved through three or four moods surely and in a neat pattern. The dozen or so characters all served the main theme and wasted no words even when they were burbling or repeating what they always said.

It was a comic and horrifying study of a youngster struggling under 'the immense batshadow of home'. Mrs. Stokes (Mary O'Farrell) was a diabolically exact portrait of a silly, pathetic, vampire mother keeping her hooks in her son just too clumsily. Her talk rambled beautifully through stabs of sarcasm, steady shame-throwing at the boy's sense of guilt, maudlin appeals for love, and deliberate misunderstandings, to the clinching use of the specially cooked meal which mustn't be wasted. The son, Albert Stokes (Barry Foster), dodged scenes, was sulkily polite, and used defensive silence in dialogue whose gaps and switches of subject brilliantly implied cess-pits of domestic emotion. We then saw the haunted Albert through his friends Kedge and Seeley, two lads whose bumptiously knowing discussion of football made ritually boring conversation very funny. The threat to Albert of the malice of a bully at his office and of the general curiosity about how much his mother dominated him were clearly pricked in—again in half-finished phrases of ordinary talk. The office party which the boys go to hoping for drink and girls was more stylized in form but still soundly realistic. The chief guest had nothing to do except laugh and accept drinks, but he existed. The condescending host, pompous about games, genteel and earnestly jolly, was a type of zombie most offices possess. The crisis in which Albert is accused of 'touching' one of the girls whom the office bully has set to stir him up and the scandal of his inconclusive fight with the bully came forcefully into an atmosphere of boasting, strained facetiousness, and teasing. We are not to know whether Albert was guilty.

His return home, inarticulately explosive, to be pounced upon by a waiting mother with a well-rehearsed tirade of grievance and suspicion provided a good setting for murder. It was inevitable that he should bash her with a clock and then run off into the streets. Picked up there by a gruesomely refined trollop (Vivien Merchant), it is right that he should be blown to fury by her mother-like talk, and to a little violence. His second return home provided the most delicately cruel blow of all, for his mother was unmurdered, and worse still, forgiving: 'I'm going to forget all about it. We'll have your holiday in a fortnight. . . . We'll go away together'. One expects, shuddering, that they did. The concentration and completeness of the script of *A Night Out* was excellently served by professionally quiet radio acting and unobtrusive production.

The microphone can be very harsh to speech which an actor's presence makes acceptable in the theatre. It is like putting a close-up camera on a face thick with stage make-up. *Roots*, by Arnold Wesker (Home, February 29), suffered from this magnifying effect to the destruction of all illusion. The sprinkling of a few dialect words and uneven country accents on talk which was essentially citified and journalistic at that showed up crudely. Even in the theatre, sentences like: 'You live in the country but you got no majesty' must have been hard work to get across. Joan Plowright as Beatie Bryant, a country girl whose lover, an uneducated intellectual, has preached a sort of socialism and much woolly stuff about culture to her, had the toughest job. She quoted her Ronnie, who doesn't appear in this play, until he was real enough for us to want to shake him or at least offer him a better book-list on his favourite topics. When she had less third-hand material, in her relationship with her mother and the rest of her family, belief came back. Gwen Nelson, as the mother who could face real hardship with stoicism and lectures on life from a beloved daughter with patience, was impressive both in tolerance and in temper. But, hearing the words as we listeners must, I could not credit that any family could have been civil under such oratory or that the heroine would have risked retailing it to them. And when the poor girl, ditched by Ronnie, discovers triumphantly that she can talk for herself on the same themes, it seemed to me a great pity. There were passages of observation and human behaviour between slabs of dubious sociological thesis, but the dead talk killed the living.

FREDERICK LAWS

THE SPOKEN WORD



People and Ideas

I DO SO DISLIKE the word 'personalities', but I do not see how, this time, I can avoid it. Last week I was listening to some strong personalities, some vigorous characters.

The first was Mr. Raymond Williams, who opened a warm discussion for the Fifty-One Society (Home Service, February 28) on 'Democracy and Culture'. Since Mr. Williams was the author of *Culture and Society*, and since the programme was North Regional, I expected some hard facts and blunt arguments. In fact I got a fiercely left-wing manifesto. Our educational system, thundered Mr. Williams, was still plainly inadequate, we were still educating an élite. Broadcasting and television, continued Mr. Williams, should be in the hands of those who provided the service; national newspapers should not change hands as a business transaction, speculators should be chased out of the theatre. . . . And so on, and so on, and so on. Sometimes I felt inclined to interrupt the discussion, to ask

why we shouldn't educate the élite as well as the rest; I wanted to say that the Third Programme audience was quite as real as the audience for the Light. But, in its way, the discussion was as stimulating, as the debate with Sir Hugh Casson, some months ago. It was a rousing if irritating evening.

It was followed (Third Programme, February 28), by 'Full Circle': a tripartite review of Sir Anthony Eden's memoirs. This Anglo-Franco-American comment seemed more valuable, to me, than any single-minded review by a university worthy; and it certainly helped to set the book in an international perspective, though it reminded us, strongly, that the ghost of Suez will probably never be laid.

From ghost to reality. On March 1 (Home Service) we were introduced to a robust and Bohemian character when Augustus John talked to Aled Vaughan about Wales and its people. This programme was nicely set between the second and third acts of a Welsh opera; and it was nicely shaped by Aled Vaughan, who spoke the perfect minimum for an interviewer, and gave sympathy, encouragement and leading questions at precisely the right moments. Mr. John came over (as one hoped he would) larger than life: remembering Dylan Thomas from A to Z, reciting Welsh poetry *con brio*, and following the Welsh gypsies with an infectious love of the rattle-tattle and a searching eye. He told us, too, how he had been offered a ruined mansion in exchange for painting the owner's portrait; he told us he wanted to paint Bertrand Russell ('most affable'). Here, one felt, was a man for whom the visible world, the world of all the senses, existed. He chuckled, he grew eager and sad, and he grew more and more fluent, more confiding, more entertaining, as the talk went on. When it was time to finish he was evidently in full spate; I only hope Mr. Vaughan will encourage him to go on.

It was quite a leap from Augustus John to Sir Russell Brain, who spoke a few minutes later in the Third Programme on 'Symbol and Image'. In this, the first of two talks, Sir Russell discussed the objective and subjective elements in perception. This was a closely reasoned talk on the relations of science and philosophy, and I, for one, found it good intellectual exercise.

'Flight Back' (Home Service, March 3), made purely emotional demands on its audience. This was a repeat of a programme of nearly two years ago, the story of a raid on the Fiat Works at Turin; it was, I thought, well put together, and Anthony Quayle gave a plausible likeness of Flight-Sergeant Middleton, the Australian pilot who won a posthumous V.C. in the course of the long-drawn-out epic.

Finally, on March 4 (Third Programme) we were introduced to another pugnacious character: Hugh MacDiarmid, who busily lived up to his reputation for being one of the most forthright and controversial Scottish writers of today. In conversation with D. G. Bridson he let off a whole box of verbal fireworks. English poetry, he insisted, was lacking in song (was this perhaps a damp squib, not a firework?). The cultural centre of gravity had shifted from England to Ireland (Yeats), Wales (Dylan Thomas), and America (Pound and Eliot). English, continued Mr. MacDiarmid, was not so much a language as a linguistic disease; he had little use for English poetry, which had been off the rails since Chaucer. Well, the discussion was nothing if not frank; but next time, so we are promised. Mr. MacDiarmid will give us really frank opinions of his contemporaries. It will be interesting to hear how much more frank he can be. For myself, I can't take it all so seriously when I hear the murmur of innumerable bees in a single bonnet.

By way of a footnote I must mention 'Poetry

on Record' (Third Programme, February 29). I thought the comparative method of review was useful. It is always a revelation to hear poets reading their own work: Dame Edith reading with gusto, Mr. Eliot with grave charm. The recollection of those partly effaced records of Tennyson make one all the more anxious to encourage and preserve such original recordings. Are there any records of Yeats reading his own poetry?

JOANNA RICHARDSON

MUSIC

The Young Generation



IF THERE HAS BEEN a common thread to the week's music it has been provided less by the genius of composers than by the talents of the younger generation of British performers. On February 29, in the Home Service, David Parkhouse gave a performance of Chopin's B minor sonata which compared favourably with the anniversary offerings of some much better-known pianists. Admittedly the finale lacked the sense of the physical exultation that it should have (and that we could hear in Shura Cherkassky's recorded performance of the F minor Fantaisie), but that may come in time; what Mr. Parkhouse did show was a welcome willingness to let Chopin's notes speak for themselves, without simply turning them to his own account.

More exciting playing came from the Melos Ensemble, who were celebrating their tenth birthday this last week. Unfortunately I was unable to hear their concert from the Victoria and Albert Museum on Sunday evening (February 28), but they were performing again in the Tuesday Concert (March 1, Home). The programme was rather an odd one—Bliss's thirty-year-old clarinet quintet, sadly faded, and a completely insignificant concerto for guitar and string quintet by one Mauro Giuliani. What made the concert so enjoyable, though, was the playing of Gervase de Peyer and Julian Bream. British composers may be unhappily placed in the divisions and cross-currents of the modern world—too little strengthened by tradition to be effective either as composers or as revolutionaries—but we have a generation of performers in their late twenties and early thirties who can stand comparison with those of any country.

Several of the week's programmes served to rub home the composers' plight. Arwel Hughes's opera *Love the Doctor* (some way after Molière had been commissioned by the Arts Council, and as commissioned works go it proved good money's worth, I suppose. What's more, Tuesday's performance (Home, March 1) under the composer's direction sounded very spirited with Janet Baker singing particularly well as the maid, Lisette. The only trouble was that it seemed completely lacking in the prime characteristic of a good opera—forward movement. The music was charming enough in its eclectic way, with a spice of Britten and Michael Stravinsky added to a fairly conventional basis, but the whole thing added up to no more than a series of agreeable lyrical moments, like many English (sorry, British) operas.

I have to admit that I missed the beginning of the third act, for I had turned over to the Third during the interval to hear a programme of British chamber music. This included two groups of songs for tenor and string quartet by Eugene Goossens and Edmund Rubbra, sung by Gerald English, whose only fault as a chamber tenor is his tendency to overstress the sound of words at the expense of their sense. Both were harked back in a more or less deliberately archaic way to those Elizabethan songs for voice and viols that Peter Warlock was the first to

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lish. Goossens's songs seemed to me to have more than curiosity value, but Rubbra's songs of Spenser are more consistent and more expressive. I cannot help feeling that if Rubbra has a place in the repertory it will be on the length of lyrical pieces like these and some of the choral settings rather than of large-scale works like the symphonies and the recent violin concerto.

In this company Priaux Rainier's *Pastoral Triptych* for solo oboe, which was receiving its performance from yet another notable young artist, Janet Craxton, sounded positively out-of-garde, though I suspect that in the context of an I.S.C.M. festival it would have been refreshingly old-fashioned. I find it a little difficult to know what one has a right to look for in three short movements for solo oboe

beyond the fact that their detail should be interesting and their over-all shape satisfying; Miss Rainier's triptych met both demands, though just how much listening so slender a structure would stand up to I am not sure.

Much better, I am sure, than the vastly more ambitious structure of Graham Whettam's First Symphony, which the admirably enterprising Bournemouth Orchestra brought us (March 4, Home). One hardly needed to be told of its dedication to Vaughan Williams and the verbal quotation from Mahler over the scherzo to identify the tutelary geniuses of this particular work. Unfortunately when the idiom is so unoriginal one is bound to wonder whether the fury is unoriginal too, or whether the composer is not merely going through the rhetorical motions.

Peter Pears's description, with long quotations, of the book on performance that Erwin Stein left unfinished at his death, made me look forward to reading it. Every time one was tempted to dismiss some observation of Stein's as a platitude one was brought up against the realization that for all too many performers it would clearly not be. And yet is a rationale of performance really the thing that is needed to raise standards? The general level of competence could be raised by more intelligent teaching, of course, but I doubt whether the handful of really gifted players would add much to their stature simply by taking thought—conscious analysis is too clumsy a substitute for the musicianship which critics can only recognize, gratefully, when they come across it.

JEREMY NOBLE

Mahler and the English

By DONALD MITCHELL

The 'Kindertotenlieder' and the Fourth Symphony will be broadcast at 8.0 p.m. on March 14 (Third Programme)



IN AMSTERDAM, in May 1920, there took place a great Mahler Festival, when Willem Mengelberg and the Concertgebouw Orchestra played all the composer's chief works. The occasion did not altogether unremarked in England. But the representative of *The Daily Telegraph*—Dr. Brian C. Boulton—wrote that 'the Festival Committee had sent invitations to many musicians from all countries, and expressed to me their grief that so few visitors from England had been able to accept their invitation. I saw, indeed, only one that I knew. Germany, Austria, and Norway were represented by most of their foremost musicians'.

One of the two would certainly have been Noel Langford, the music critic of *The Manchester Guardian*, who thought that 'the neglect of the Mahler Festival by our English musicians, though explicable though it is, is much to be regretted'. It was Langford, indeed, who signed the manifesto of the foreign guests, at the end of the festival, along with Casella, Schönberg, Nielsen, Florent Schmitt, and others—as odd an assembly of signatories as one can imagine.

The English response to the Mahler Festival of 1920 is somehow typical of the ambivalence which has characterized our relations with the composer. Only the other day I was reading of an interview granted by Sir Thomas Beecham in New York, in which he claimed that he had spent all his life 'to get away from the Bruckners and the Mahlers and the exclusively German diet we used to be served up'. Yet it was Sir Thomas Beecham, I believe, who must be credited with one of the earliest Mahler performances in this country. It was in a volume of privately published musical reminiscences (1913) the Hon. W. M. Strutt that I was surprised to find the following entry for 1907: '... The concert was given by Mme. Blanche Benesi, with the help of the New Symphony Orchestra, and its conductor Thomas Beecham.'

The program on this occasion was characteristic, including the overture to *La fille du jeune Henri*, by Méhul, which I thought rather attractive, Cyril Scott's *Aubade*, and the Fourth Symphony of that fine conductor but hopelessly megalomaniac Gustav Mahler. Beecham's advocacy did not persuade the Hon. W. M. Strutt; and now Beecham himself could seem to have abandoned his role as advocate. None the less, the fact of the performance counts, and Sir Thomas must be counted among the first of those to introduce Mahler to the English public.

But Mahler has never been wholly without eloquent supporters in England. Henry Wood was, of course, early in the field. Whom did he not champion? But his enthusiastic catholicity of taste was his strength as well as his weakness. Mahler's First Symphony was one of his novelties of 1903: he performed the *Adagietto* from the Fifth in 1909; and in 1913, *Das Lied von der Erde*—'excessively modern but very beautiful' was his description of it. Much later, in the nineteen-thirties, he tackled the Eighth Symphony, by which time Mahler's name and music were better established in the public mind as things to be reckoned with, a change in climate Wood himself had helped to bring about.

Beecham and Wood are not the only English conductors to have taken an early bite at the Mahler apple. Hamilton Harty was another, who made an impression at Manchester with a performance of the Ninth Symphony in the nineteen-thirties. This courageous undertaking acquires an almost special significance because of its association with a city from which the cause of the composer has long received powerful support. Langford, as we have seen, was a friendly critic as early as 1920, and the tradition he set on *The Manchester Guardian* has been generously sustained by Neville Cardus in more recent years, while on the music-making side, Barbirolli, the Hallé Orchestra's principal conductor, has not failed to promote those Mahler works for which he feels a particular sympathy. This association with Manchester is lent a charmingly ironic flavour when one recalls that it was to this great centre of music in England that Hans Richter, ousted from the Vienna Opera by the impetuous Mahler, was eventually drawn, a refugee from Mahlerian oppression! He did not, understandably, concern himself with Mahler's music; instead—for which we have every reason to be grateful—he taught us much about the stature of our own Elgar: a nest of paradox, indeed.

Strangely enough, Elgar's name has often been coupled with Mahler's, not to suggest that the two composers have anything in common as composers, but to underline their (supposed) common lack of appreciation outside their own countries. (In the case of Mahler, an exception always had to be made of Holland.) More than that, it has been avowed that there was a logic behind this mutual exclusiveness. We could not expect our man to export successfully—too English, you know. While 'the other fellow' was so Austrian or Teutonic or Heaven knew what, that we could do nothing for him here.

The Englishness of Elgar has always struck

me as almost wholly illusory, a national myth which we have so successfully sold to our European neighbours that music written in their tradition rather than in ours sounds as unintelligible to them as a language of which they have no knowledge. But it was not, we may be sure, the Englishness of Elgar which attracted Richter (the reverse, rather); nor was it the local colour of his music which commended it to Richard Strauss. The national costume in which we have dressed one of our most cosmopolitan composers is one of the curiosities of musical sociology.

In a like manner, we foisted upon Mahler, between the wars, a vocabulary and set of manners which effectively precluded his introduction into polite English musical society. Of course, one must be free to pick and choose one's guests. 'We just don't want Mahler here', I can remember the late Dr. Blom saying, whose oppositional voice is sadly missed this centenary year. But one's sense of justice would surely insist upon guests with similar credentials enjoying the same rights of potential entry? Is there much surface reason, as distinct from submerged feeling, to justify our reception of Strauss and our cold-shouldering of Mahler?

Their vocabulary, in fact, has much in common. What keeps them apart is an individual turn of speech: in Mahler's case, his unique exploration of realms of feeling new to music. Strauss, too, was not backward in this, though he gave up being an explorer some fifty years before his life came to an end. *Salome* and *Elektra* were as advanced in content and expression as anything Mahler ever conceived, but they possessed the inestimable advantage of a dramatic text to carry the innovations of language. Mahler's disturbing music has, for the most part, no texts to help it out: the difficult, tough things in the middle-period symphonies, for example, remain difficult if we do not understand the feeling behind them.

It is not, in short, Mahler's vocabulary that has proved an obstacle but, rather, the new range of feeling that he has made accessible to music—his irony, above all, which in itself comprises a whole language of subtle paradox. New feelings, especially new feelings which disconcert us, we take a long time to assimilate. Mahler's centenary year, with its welcome celebrations, shows that much has been achieved in the way of assimilation. We stand a good chance in 1960 of judging his music by criteria which take account of the capacity of his music to ruffle our feelings and thus prejudice our ears.

The British Bridge League Trials

By HAROLD FRANKLIN and TERENCE REESE



THE BRITISH Bridge League Selection trials were convincingly won by Terence Reese, Mr. Boris Schapiro, Mr. Albert Rose, and Mr. Nico Gardener, who thereby were selected as the nucleus of the British team for the Olympic Championships in Turin. In the programme broadcast on March 6, Mr. G. L. Butler, Chairman of the B.B.L., and Mr. Alan Truscott and Mr. Jeremy Flint, two of the younger competitors, discussed some of the hands with Terence Reese and Harold Franklin.

Dealer West; game all:

NORTH		EAST	
♦ K 2		♦ A J 10 5 4 3	
♥ Q 4		♥ 7 2	
♦ 7 4		♦ K J 10 5 3	
♣ K Q 9 8 7 4 3		♣ None	
WEST		EAST	
♦ Q 9 6		♦ A J 10 5 4 3	
♥ J 10 9 8 6		♥ 7 2	
♦ A 2		♦ K J 10 5 3	
♣ 6 5 2		♣ None	
SOUTH		EAST	
♦ 8 7		♦ A J 10 5 4 3	
♥ A K 5 3		♥ 7 2	
♦ Q 9 8 6		♦ K J 10 5 3	
♣ A J 10		♣ None	

At one table East had opened Four Spades, South had doubled and North and West had passed. It was generally conceded that North and South had both made reasonable bids. Generally, however, East opened One Spade, South doubled, and North raised to Two

Spades. When this happened most North players bid Three No Trumps, hoping that their club suit would help them to run nine quick tricks, and that their K x of spades would protect the opening attack.

This line of action met with support in the studio, Butler being the only dissident when he expressed the view that he had a good club suit and he would like to show it. Over Three No Trumps East invariably bid Four Spades and South sometimes passed and sometimes doubled.

The more spectacular results occurred when North took further action. Flint stood by the view he took at the table: that the defence would be too likely to find the right lead against Four No Trumps and that it was therefore safest for him to contest in his club suit. His bid of Five Clubs was doubled for a penalty of 500—inexpensive against a vulnerable spade game. Reese's partner, Schapiro, bid Four No Trumps on the North hand and played in that contract, undoubted. East led a low diamond, the declarer made a desperate play of the Queen, and was held to two tricks. Against Franklin and Mr. L. Tarlo, North (Mr. J. Tarlo) also bid Four No Trumps and West (Franklin) doubled. On a spade lead eleven tricks were made.

The panel felt that in this situation the double did not call for a spade lead and that a diamond was more likely than a heart since if partner held the ace of hearts the declarer was less likely to have ten top tricks on a diamond lead than he would be if West held the ace of diamonds and East led a heart.

Dealer East; North-South game:

♦ 5 4 3 2	♦ A K 7 6
♥ 3	♥ K J 10 9 8 6
♦ A K 10 9 6	♦ None
♣ A 8 2	♣ None

Three of the six East players opened with bid of Two Hearts while the other three opened One Heart, Four Hearts, and Five Hearts. Reese, who had opened One Heart, did so because, said, with a freak hand one is better able to judge if there is bidding all round the table. Franklin favoured this view and the other panelists supported the Two Heart opening.

The opening bid of Five Hearts had been passed by West, showing fine discipline. The bid indicates losers only in the trump suit and asks partner to raise if he can cover any suit losers. Four Hearts was generally regarded as not unreasonable.

Dealer East; Love All:

♦ A K 9 2	♦ Q 7 3
♥ Q 5 2	♥ A K 9 4 3
♦ A 9 3 2	♦ K Q 10 7
♣ 9 8	♣ 4

Five out of six tables failed to reach a slam. Since all three suits divided evenly, two tricks could be made in spades, hearts or diamonds. East invariably opened One Heart, at most tables South intervened with Two Clubs and West bid Two Diamonds. The discussion centred mainly on East's next bid, and the panel came down in support of a raise to Four Diamonds. In fact all six East players elected to bid Three Diamonds, nervous of going past their possible resting place of Three No Trumps.

Diocletian

(concluded from page 449)

a different kind of example, was equally traditional. It was the Pont du Gard, erected in 19 B.C., and the arena in Nîmes, built a few years later, which inspired Henry James to write: 'I discovered in them a certain stupidity, a vague brutality. That element is rarely absent from great Roman work . . . I suppose a race which could do nothing small is as defective as a race which can do nothing great'. Diocletian gave his autocracy new trappings, but he was no more absolute in his power than the philosopher-king Marcus Aurelius, a century earlier. He stripped most of the population of the empire of their freedom to choose their place of residence or their work; but a sizeable percentage of this population never had been free.

In sum, since Rome became a great empire she had within her borders large groups of people for whom it could be said that this empire was not worth saving. One aspect of Roman imperial history is the continual enlargement of the unfree sector. Another is the rapid growth of autocracy, from the large amount already present in Augustus to the Byzantine form visible in Diocletian; and with it a growing inertia and passivity on the part of everybody

else. A third is the decline and disappearance of the positive elements—most of them cultural and artistic—still present in the early days of the empire, if only for the satisfaction of a small minority.

Nevertheless, it is silly to say that by Diocletian's time the state was not worth saving. Apart from the fact that from his point of view—and from that of the army and the bureaucracy and the senatorial landowners, it obviously was worth the effort—the question to ask is: what alternatives were there? So far as I know, no contemporary had any to suggest, not even wildly utopian ones. The intellectuals, pagan and Christian alike, had only the Kingdom of God to offer, which amounted to complete acceptance of the kingdom of Diocletian in this life. Rebellious peasants and slaves, like the Bagaudae in Gaul, wanted nothing more than a change in personnel: they would have liked to become the landlords, while others became their slaves and serfs. More conclusive still, even as an arm-chair exercise, we are unable to think up any alternatives for them, given the material level of life (and especially the low technological level), given the pressure of the barbarians all along the excessively long frontiers, given the nature of the economy and the social system, given the state of knowledge and belief.

It is these basic conditions of life in Diocletian's age which destroy the possibility of fruitful contemporary analogies along the line which I mentioned at the beginning. Bureaucracy saved Rome, under the conditions of late third century. That tells us nothing whatever about what bureaucracy may or may not accomplish today. And so with all the other measures adopted by Diocletian. However, there is one plausible generalization, and that is based on the Roman experience as a whole, not on Diocletian's reign alone, and it must be stated conditionally.

A political organism which requires permanent, forcible subjection of large groups of its population is likely to end by total brutalizing and stultifying itself. I am not saying that it will therefore destroy itself physically, only that it may destroy itself morally and culturally, which is not the same thing. The question-mark rests largely (though not solely) with the submerged people. Will they just grumble, and accept their fate, or not? Aldous Huxley once said that 'the abject patience of the oppressed is perhaps the most inexplicable fact as it is also the most important, fact in all history'. In Roman history it was virtually a universal fact.—*Third Programme*

A third talk, on Julian the Apostate, will be published later.

Broadcast Suggestions for the Housewife



Fillings for Vol-au-Vent

'WHY', asked someone the other day, 'do most vol-au-vent seem to be filled with warmed-up rabbit?' Most people will think it a fair question. How can we avoid it, and make the inside as meltingly delicious as the outside promises?

First, remember the wide range of fillings, and prepare them carefully—chicken, mushrooms, lobster, crab, sweetbreads, prawns, oysters, tunny fish, salmon. The filling, if it is to be cooked at all, should as a rule be gently simmered in water or milk and water. Avoid cooking in fat which will upset the balance of the sauce. When butter is necessary for the sake of the flavour (in cooking mushrooms, for instance) add the juice of a lemon. In every case the filling must be very well drained before it is mixed with the sauce, for additional liquid will spoil its consistency and flavour. Be sure that the whole is carefully seasoned and sometimes made more positive in flavour by the addition of a little chopped olive or pimento.

The fillings must in fact have a *taste*: pastry, white sauce, and flaked white fish, for instance, are merely dreary. Secondly, use plenty of the filling in proportion to the sauce. The filling should not serve merely as a garnish to the sauce; the sauce, on the contrary, is required only as a binding to the filling. Thirdly, make a good béchamel sauce. Here is a simple, useful, every-day version which is not difficult or time-consuming, once you have the habit of keeping the ingredients in the house. Never believe an ordinary 'white sauce' is a satisfactory substitute.

For béchamel sauce you will need:

- 2 oz. of butter
- 2 oz. of flour
- 1 pint of milk
- 2 tablespoons of cream or top milk

a blade of mace, a *bouquet garni*, a slice of onion
4-6 peppercorns, salt.

Put the mace, *bouquet garni*, onion, and peppercorns into the milk in a small pan and infuse over very low heat for about ten minutes. Strain and allow to cool slightly. Melt the butter in a thick pan, add the flour, blend lightly, away from the heat, and then pour on the strained milk—still warm, but not hot. When thoroughly blended, stir over moderate heat until boiling. Simmer three or four minutes. Add the cream or top milk, add the required amount of salt, and use at once.

MARGARET RYAN

Laundering Hints

Remember when dealing with a crease-resistant fabric that it gets its special quality from a finishing process. If you want to keep the resistance, you have to be careful not to let the material get really dirty before it is washed. The right treatment is frequent washing in only moderately hot water.

A point about starching collars: when a manufacturer turns out a collar that is going to be stiffened, he makes it in three layers. The middle layer absorbs the starch and binds the two outside layers to itself, so one gets a triple thickness—stiff but bendable. But when a soft-type collar is made, it does not have this middle layer. When you starch it, the starch 'stays put' on the outside of the fabric, and this makes for brittleness, so the collar cracks when you try to fold it. If one makes a practice of starching like this, it shortens the life of the collar.

The 'wash frequently' instruction crops up again when we have to tackle men's shirts made of rayon—or of rayon mixed with cotton. This

type of thing is excellent for what the shops call 'sports or leisure wear'. But it is not a suitable fabric for factory work—for any work, in fact, which means the shirt is going to be ingrained with dirt. For hard-working shirts it is sensible to buy something like cotton poplin (without a drip-dry finish), a fabric which is designed to stand up to tough treatment in the washtub. Drip-driers are wonderful labour-savers if you are prepared to treat them kindly and wash them very often. Rayon often looks just like cotton, so it is worth searching for a descriptive label, or checking with the salesman.

RUTH DREW—'Today'

The cooking time for supper dish (c) printed last week, should have been 'five hours' not 'two hours'.

Notes on Contributors

ALEXANDER MITSCHERLICH (page 435): Director of the Psychosomatic Clinic, Heidelberg University; author of *Endlose Diktatur, Vom Ursprung der Sucht, Wissenschaft ohne Menschlichkeit*, etc.

MICHAEL EDWARDES (page 437): publisher and historian, whose book on the history of India is shortly to be printed.

SIR RUSSELL BRAIN, Bt. (page 443): President of the Royal College of Physicians, 1950-57; author of *Man, Society and Religion, Tea with Walter de la Mare, Mind, Perception and Science*, etc.

M. I. FINLEY (page 447): Lecturer in Classics, Cambridge University; author of *The World of Odysseus*

DAVID PIPER (page 462): Assistant Keeper, National Portrait Gallery; author of *The English Face*

Crossword No. 1,554

Otiose

By ffancy

Prizes (for the first three correct solutions opened): book tokens, value 30s., 21s., and 12s. 6d. respectively

Closing date: first post on Thursday, March 17. Entries should be on the printed diagram and envelopes containing them should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, 35 Marylebone High Street, London, W.1, marked 'Crossword' in the left-hand top corner. In all matters connected with the crossword the Editor's decision is final

The clues are of two kinds. One kind consists of two clues joined together consecutively: each leads to a different word—the first at the position indicated, the second elsewhere in the diagram. The other kind of clue is, on the whole, entirely otiose: a closer examination may, how-

ever, disclose a useful relationship between these clues and the lights in the positions indicated.

CLUES—ACROSS

1. Well-earned bribe.
7. Statham's prospect—duck: is assuredly needing practice!
14. Love appears, with us, to imperil reason—it's really frightful!
15. Air belief in material aspect of things
16. Really am able treble: can essay such pretty, melodious oscillations
17. Wicked is Polyphemus: esteeming Etna, Galatea stays with Acis
20. Manhandles opposing back, scores penalty
22. The *eminences* would normally, of course, be grey
24. Cambridge's ostensible charm.
26. Manage to deliver a short, sharp blow
28. It was secret, where Zeno taught
29. Cheltenham, for example, gives one facilities for taking the waters
30. Study the French runners—assured stayers
31. Stilton? He spoils little Edward!
34. Splendid child, by using his acumen, wins astounding emoluments!
37. Will it rain all night? Can one make it cease?
40. Paintings showing influence, it may be, of Giotto
41. Remarkable thing, he can prepare a bird for cooking
42. One learner, amateur, gets 'is licence. Astonishing!
43. Attractive dame knows age-old secret—and attracts!

DOWN

1. Ambiguous note struck with everything: can't stop him committing anagrams!

2. German spy discreet as to identity—reasonably!
3. Project, within everybody's power, is revealed
4. Ring, associated with Assyrians
5. Knightley's bride is a young lady, no longer presentable
6. Adrenalin reduces obesity
8. To succeed in going quickly
9. Bear ill-feeling
10. Is Ottway outside? Open doors, prithee!
11. Fermented palm-sap means lethargy
12. P.M. is touching, not cutting
13. French be as we, indeed! Stop imitating men in Etaples!
18. Those two extra drinks, maybe, could reveal the reasons behind one's actions
19. Starts gaining speed
21. Giving way can sometimes help to show how far you could have gone
23. Pair may be regarded as an interesting incident
25. Woollen stuff isn't half hot!
26. Gipsy girl became African queen
27. Certain judges are sure to see you get what you deserve!
29. Cavalryman will afford opportunities for opening fire
32. Up Manchester, always smart!
33. Hollows, sinuously furrowed
35. Eschew atomic nonsense, father
36. The gadfly is a notoriously sociable insect
38. Equal score shows evidence of equal pressure
39. Has entertaining style

Solution of No. 1,552

R	O	T	T	J	A	B
A	O	W	O	O	U	
W	H	O	O	Y	E	N
P	U	P		F	R	Y
S	E	E	V	C	A	B
K	L	E	A	A		
Y	A	M	X	D	I	G

1st prize: P. S. Stevens (West Wickham); 2nd prize: D. M. MacKinnon (Beaulieu); 3rd prize: V. B. Mines (Heswall)

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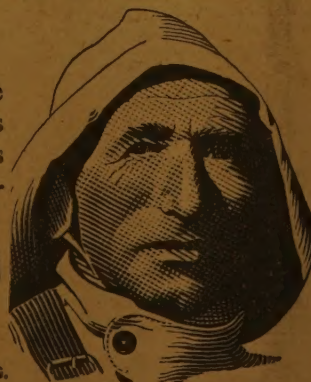
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